NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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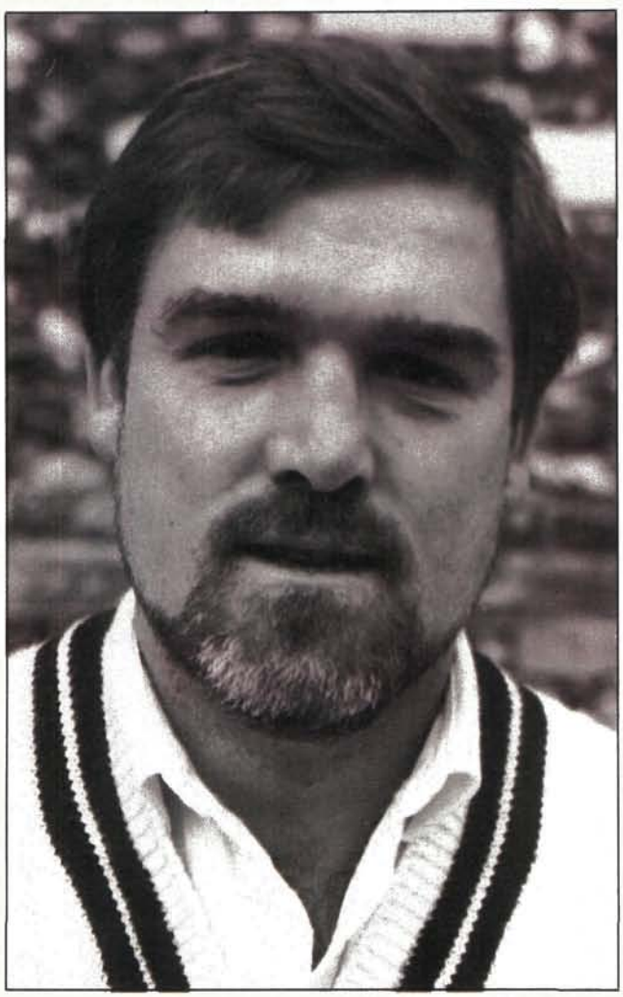
England expects

Joan Ruddock: on Labour's defence policy review

Yvonne Roberts follows up the case of Susan Poole

R W Johnson in Namibia

Plus: toxic waste; the limits of greenery; and images of a green world



The People's sporting heroes have let the people down. The Bulldog Breed has taken the money and renounced patriotism. Taking their place are the new English heroes —and they are black

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DEVELOPING SERVICES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF WOMEN WITH HIV, ARC AND AIDS

This is a multi-disciplinary course for employees from the voluntary and statutory sectors who are in the process of developing and/or reorganising their services to meet the needs of women with HIV infection, and for women with HIV infection, ARC and AIDS.

The aims of the course are as follows:

☆ To provide relevant up-to-date information about women and HIV infection to participants ☆ To explore the services that are likely to be affected by the increase in number of women with the virus ☆ To discuss the development of strategies to support women employees with the virus within the workplace ☆ To discuss the possible changes that may need to take place for service delivery to be effective and relevant to women and explore the financial implications for organisations

☆ To develop strategies for meeting future needs

Dates: 24th 25th 26th October, Price: £103.50 (inclusive of VAT)

LIVING AND WORKING WITH AIDS

The aim of this three-day residential workshop is to offer participants the opportunity to explore a range of options and the chance to develop the skills needed to set up support structures for themselves and for people affected by HIV, ARC and AIDS.

The following areas will be covered:

☆ Developing basic counselling skills ☆ Simple relaxation techniques ☆ Complementary health care and good nutrition ☆ Setting goals and developing strategies ☆ Using resources effectively and networking ☆ Establishing equality for ourselves and others.

Practical and experimental work will take place in large and small group settings and through working in pairs. Participants will be invited to develop their own personal strategies for the future and strategies, where relevant, for the workplace.

This is a residential workshop starting on the evening of Monday and finishing on Thursday at 4 pm.

Dates: 11 - 14 Sept (or 6 - 9 Nov). Price: £230.00 inclusive of VAT

WOMEN AND HIV INFECTION

This course is for women with HIV infection, ARC and AIDs, paid and unpaid employees in women's organisations, women working in refuges, and for homeless, alcohol and drug projects and women active within the community.

The aims of the course are as follows:

☆ To discuss what services are currently being offered to women with HIV infection by the voluntary and statutory sectors, by womens organisations and by self-organised groups ☆ To look creatively at ways in which womens organisations and services provided for women by women might act to meet the needs of women affected by HIV infection ☆ To explore effective ways of influencing the range and scope of current and future services provided by the statutory sector.

Dates: 27th 28th 29th Nov Price: £50 inclusive of VAT

DEVELOPING SERVICES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF DRUG USERS AND EX-DRUG USERS WITH HIV, ARC AND AIDS

AIMS

☆ Provide relevant information about drug users and ex-users and HIV, ARC and AIDS ☆ Outline current awareness in relation to needle availability and user education; harm reduction strategies; HIV and drug issues specific to women and children ☆ Discuss current medical information and look at current research and theoretical approaches ☆ Explore issues of equal opportunities and strategies to improve service access for users and ex-users ☆ Discuss service provision issues for users as they relate to female and male sex workers, transsexuals, young and homeless people ☆ Consider the development of drugs policies and the legal implications of possible changes ☆ Develop skills for talking to drug users/ex-users about sex.

Dates: 12th, 13th and 14th Dec Price: £103.50 inclusive of VAT

CARING FOR BABIES AND CHILDREN AT RISK OF HIV INFECTION

For field social workers, parents, foster parents, nursery, health, adoption and fostering workers.

The aims of the course are as follows:

☆ To provide relevant up-to-date information about children and HIV infection to participants ☆ To explore issues relating to the care of babies, children, their families and carers ☆ To discuss the management of current services to the above and develop strategies for providing services in the future.

This is a three day non-residential course which will take place at London Lighthouse.

Dates: 17 - 19 Oct Price: £103.50 inclusive of VAT.

DEVELOPING ANTI RACIST SERVICES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF BLACK PEOPLE WITH HIV, ARC AND AIDS

This course is for anyone in the public, voluntary private sectors whose main task is to organise and provide services for people affected by HIV, ARC and AIDS.

The course will examine the relationship between AIDS & RACISM as well as to develop strategies to ensure that Black people and other racial and national minority groups have equal access to available services.

Dates: 4th to 6th Oct. Price: £103.50 inclusive of VAT.

MEDICAL INFORMATION ON HIV INFECTION, ARC AND AIDS

This information will be presented through six 2 hour sessions and is aimed at people who have had little or no good quality information about HIV infection, ARC and AIDS.

Issues covered will include:

☆ The history of the virus to date ☆ What testing for the HIV anti-body means ☆ How the virus affects the human body ☆ What the distinctions and areas of overlap are between HIV infection, ARC and AIDS ☆ How orthodox and complementary health carers have responded to HIV infection, ARC and AIDS.

These information sessions will run for six consecutive Thurdays, from 6.00 pm - 8.00 pm, starting Thursday 7 Sept 1989

Price: £30 including VAT.

All enquiries about these and other courses to:

Marie Wright, Course Organiser, London Lighthouse, 111/117 Lancaster Road, London W11 1QT. Telephone (01) 792 1200.

L O N D O N L I G H T H O U S E

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NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

18 August 1989 Vol 2 No 63
New Statesman Vol 117 No 3046
New Society Vol 85 No 1389
ISSN 0954-2361

©Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and Contributors

Foundation House
Perseverance Works
38 Kingsland Road
London E2 8DQ
Telex 28449 Fax 01-739 9307
Advertising 01-739 1645
Editorial/Administration 01-739 3211
Accounts 01-739 1737

SUBSCRIPTIONS 01 739 3893
102 Curtain Road
London EC2A 3AA
Subscription rates
UK & Eire £48
Europe air mail only £55
USA air mail $106 air speed $87
Elsewhere air mail £73 air speed £61
US Postmaster: address changes to New Statesman & Society, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104

Due to a paper shortage, NSS has temporarily had to be cut back to 48 pages. Apologies to our readers. Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible

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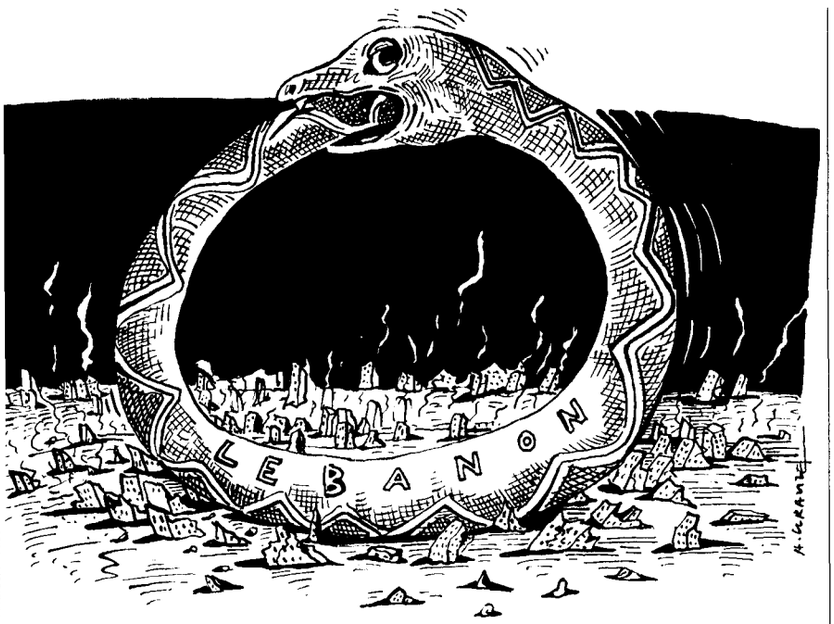
Whose Lebanon?

The complex conflicts in Lebanon need to be understood before they can be resolved



Andrzej Krauze

What can be done about Lebanon as the fighting reaches new levels of destructiveness? Beirut is largely in ruins, prompting Walid Jumblatt, the Druze leader, to liken it to another Stalingrad. Five sixths of the city's population is said to have fled. The rest live most of the time in whatever underground shelters they can find. Now the shelling has spread to many surrounding towns and villages, making nowhere safe. Ground fighting has also begun between troops of the mainly Christian Lebanese army of General Michel Aoun and those of the Syrians and their local allies, the Druze and Shia militias.

The immediate cause of the present crisis was General Aoun's attempt to assert his powers as acting President against the militias last February. Had he stopped there he might have widespread popular support. But almost immediately he went on to challenge Syrian hegemony over the Muslim areas, and to describe his fight as a crusade to force the Syrians to leave. To make matters more complicated, he obtained large stocks of guns and ammunition from the Iraqis, anxious for revenge against President Hafiz al-Asad for his alliance with Iran during the Gulf War.

This was a challenge to his authority which President Asad felt he had to defeat. Using his own troops, and those of his local Lebanese allies, he tried to bombard General Aoun and the Christian enclave into submission. But General Aoun's American-trained army managed to give as good as it got. Meanwhile, successive Arab League efforts to obtain a cease-fire led nowhere as both sides adopted politically intransigent positions. Aoun says he will not negotiate until the Syrians leave. The Syrians and their allies say that there have to be political reforms aimed at ending the Maronite Christian ascendency first.

It now seems that Syrian patience with Aoun has run out and that they are going to adopt new measures to force an end to his campaign. These include ground attacks on some of his key military positions, including the strategic hillside town of Suq al-Gharb only a few miles above his embattled Presidential Palace on the outskirts of Beirut. They are also gambling that there will be no superpower intervention—which is just what Aoun himself is crying out for. Syria has always tried to keep Lebanon to itself. Aoun knows that the only way he can get the Syrians to leave is by focusing international pressure upon them.

The immediate need is for a ceasefire long enough to reduce the intolerable pressure on the last few medical facilities, and to allow the weary people of Beirut to recover and bury their dead. Time is also required to begin to work out a plan for the future. This can only be based on General Aoun's willingness to go some way towards the Muslim position concerning political reforms, in exchange for a promise that, once there are new elections and a new constitution, the Syrians will agree to withdraw their troops.

What pressure can outsiders bring to bear? One problem is that for neither the US nor the USSR is Lebanon a high priority. The only country with real influence is Damascus. Both superpowers have learned how easy it is to have their hands burned there. Both would prefer to see the Palestine issue settled first, and for this they will need Syrian help or, at the least, Syrian agreement not to play a spoiling role if its interests are not fully attended to.

Probably their only card is the Syrian desire for international respectability, a restoration of good relations with the European community and an end to its terrorist image. The only other country with any influence in Damascus is Saudi Arabia which provides large subsidies for the ailing Syrian economy. It also enjoys influence in Baghdad and could, perhaps, try to persuade the Iraqis to stop their arming of General Aoun.

But it seems a slim hope. There are probably many years of fighting still to come. General Aoun has proved that his army is the equal of the Syrians and their allies in fighting from fixed positions. The Syrians, for their part, are dogged opponents who are hell bent on humiliating General Aoun. But they don't want to go so far as to invade the Christian heartland and run the risk of provoking an Israeli or some other military intervention.

In these grim circumstances the best that can be hoped for is to limit the damage as much as possible, and to keep the hopes alive of those Lebanese who continue to work for a united Lebanon and who still believe that they can create a country where various faiths and cultures can peacefully co-exist.

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Medical audit

The NHS review has handed Labour the health ministers' heads on a platter; pickled, stuffed and with a foot planted in each mouth. As it launches a new bombardment on the ill-fated white paper, the party should take care not to squander its precious gift. Its luck, so far, has been extraordinary. Polls, pundits, professionals and now the House of Commons select committee have united to rubbish the government's plans and the breakneck timetable for enacting them. Meanwhile, Kenneth Clarke and David Mellor decide that not even the prospect of a lost election will stop them from both taking holidays at the time of Labour's counterblast. So the hapless Lord Tony Trafford (ministerial age: 25 days) gets to mind the ransacked shop.

In its new onslaught, Labour rails against the Clarke reforms' lack of a democratic mandate. Better a sinner who repents than one whose heart stays hard: in office, the party betrayed its addiction to cosy deals between cartels of health producers. With the Policy Review full of vows to boost the strength of the consumer, Labour has signalled its wish to clear out the smoke-filled rooms of old.

But it should remember that the white paper's underlying ambition to monitor health costs and measure results not only makes financial sense. It also delivers a democratic service to the voters who pick up the tab. Labour has no business promising blank cheques to any group. Indeed, the party should stress that competition between self-governing hospitals could well wreck price control by preventing the exchange of data and discouraging long-term investment in information systems. Its commendable wish to use NHS funding formulae to even out health inequalities will raise the wrath of disappointed areas: a textbook problem in the limits of democracy. For the moment, Robin Cook can dine long and well on the government's embarrassment. He should still explain how to pay the bill if—or when—it's his turn.

Poland's false friends

The fate of Poland now involves three external forces, all of whom are watching its current crisis with mounting anxiety. These are the Catholic Church, which long ago stepped over its own boundary between church and state; the Soviet Union, whose own future in part hangs on whether Poland is amenable to stable, peaceful reform; and the governments of the west. These last bathed Solidarity in encouragement for ten years, encouraging it to see the USA and EC as the saviours of the last instance. But the west has neither the desire nor the ability to whisk Poland's future into its control. The Vatican, which has had recent secret meetings with Polish MPs, is treading a thin line between support for its members and meddling in state affairs. Britain's contribution is £25 million to establish a school of management in Warsaw. Very Thatcherite. Very irrelevant.

None of the few men capable of being Prime Minister is willing to take on the job since, without the political infrastructure, there is a limit on what government can do. The man mentioned most often, economist Wladyslaw Baka, was the first to turn down the job. The short-lived proposal that Roman Malinowski, leader of the Peasants' Party, could fill the vacuum is a measure of the general air of desperation.

This lack of an infrastructure speaks of Solidarity's failure to sustain an organised momentum for change. One recently returned commentator, Bogdan Szajkowski, believes it has also placed a naive faith in the rescue powers of the west, a faith which has made thinking about the future wholly negative; a mere repetition of the need to get the communists out. The paradox remaining is that while most Poles want most of all finally to take control over their own futures, both leaders and people are still penned in by their fears and expectations of outside agencies.

Purging the force

On Monday, Geoffrey Dear, chief constable of the West Midlands, announced that "the entire CID operational command structure" of his force had been dismantled and all officers with responsibility for the Serious Crimes Squad between 1986 and 1988 suspended or moved to other duties. The West Yorkshire force, under the supervision of the Police Complaints Authority, has started an investigation into allegations of corruption in the squad.

In retirement, Sir Robert Mark remembered his horror at having to launch "Operation Countryman". But never before has a police chief so publicly admitted at the time that his force has gone badly astray. The Countryman precedent is not encouraging: provincial officers spent several years failing to make progress—not because they couldn't identify the Met's wrongdoers, but because they were unable to get hard enough evidence. Ironically, it's the frustration of just this situation that makes the police fabricate confessions.

Dear has been the model of a modern chief constable: "intellectual", politically acute, open. Despite this, he has spent four years in post before acting on complaints that go back very much further. The West Midlands have had the *glasnost* without, until now, the *perestroika*. But time is crucial in these matters: the longer corruption remains unexposed, the more the entire force becomes tainted, either because corrupt officers get promoted, or, worse, because senior officers become aware of the corruption and turn a blind eye to it—so institutionalising the bad practices. This enquiry will be the biggest challenge yet for the Police Complaints Authority: its credibility, and Dear's, depends on whether it can get the answer to the critical question: who knew and when did they know it?

Pitiable Boers

The Afrikaner political tradition, bigoted, illiberal and myopic though it has been, once had a certain craggy grandeur. The Boers were once much admired in Britain—not least by socialists, as the modern British left might do well occasionally to remember—for their harsh integrity, their Old Testament values and virtues. A Kruger, a De Wet, a Smuts, even a Malan, brutal racists though they were, were never absurd or pitiful. The last days of PW Botha, though, have been a wholly pathetic tragi-comedy, a political culture shedding the last rags of its dignity. They show a tradition, as well as an individual, grown senile. All that is left is a naked struggle to hold on to the shreds of privilege. Botha's passing marks no great change of direction. De Klerk is no liberal. He is already making fools of the panglossian editorialists who predicted he would release Mandela, negotiate with the ANC, and offer real prospects of sharing power. He is smoother, more articulate, probably cleverer than Botha, but that is all. And this week's chaos shows how little prospect there is of his party even modernising the system, let alone seriously reforming it. The last few virtues of the voortrekker legacy are gone. The Boers were once, rightly, hated, feared, and respected by their opponents. Today they are hated, despised and increasingly pitied.

The greening of the Tory party brings us new levels of political cant. The phrase "enviromentally sensitive" now means the same as "politically marginal". Thus Cecil Parkinson has just announced a reprieve for two London road schemes that would have affected the shaky seats of Hugh Rossi and Jeremy Hanley. The threat to turn Kingsland Road (on which these offices stand) into a major "expressway" still stands. Solid Labour and, of course, environmentally insensitive.

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LETTERS

Czech aniversary

The impact of the well researched article by Ian Traynor "Checked Czechs" (11 August) was slightly spoiled by the caption to Koudelka's famous photograph. The emptiness of the usually overcrowded Wenceslas Square did not show the failure of a mass demonstration "due to have started there at noon one day" in August 1968. Just the contrary it captured the impressive success of the opposition's appeal to people to boycott public transport, restaurants and at noon on 21 August 1969 to bring the city centre to a halt. For five minutes the stillness of the city and the screams of factory sirens and car horns marked the first anniversary of the Warsaw Pact invasion. The strength of the protest which this peaceful demonstration conveyed made the new authorities angry and fearful enough to sanction a clampdown which, a few hours later, left many people injured and a few even dead.

Twenty years after this first clash between the Czech armed forces and Czech demonstrators the same authorities are threatening to suppress any demonstration on 21 August, however peaceful it may be, with such force that some officials unashamedly invoke the image of Tiananmen Square. Gorbachev has so far turned a deaf ear to appeals to condemn the invasion and to restrain those who were brought to power by the tanks of his predecessor. It is therefore understandable that the main opposition groups have not called for defiant demonstrations but only for a boycott of public transport in city centres and two minute silent protest at 5pm on the anniversary day.

Jan Kavan
Palach Press Ltd
PO Box 222
London WC2

Anti-anti-pornography

Elizabeth Wilson's article ("Against Feminist Fundamentalism", 23 June) was singularly uninstructive on pornography. At a time when there are two major national campaigns against pornography, the Campaign Against Pornography (CAP) and the Campaign against Pornography and Censorship (CPC), she speaks throughout of "the campaign against pornography", freely mixing positions, organised events and legislative campaigns from both.

She repeats the well worn clichés (many times reprinted in your magazine) that anti-pornography feminists believe that "pornography causes female subordination". As far as I know this thesis is not in print anywhere except in such "citations" by anti-anti-pornography journalists.

Anti-pornography campaigners on the whole are unanimous on the point that it is *men* who cause violence to women. It would be nice if this were occasionally acknowledged. It is, on the contrary, Wilson who puts forward the interesting thesis that "associations, ideas and images of almost any kind may cause...in some cases violence". To be precise, she says "may cause sexual arousal and in some cases violence".

Wilson claims that feminists and anti-porn campaigners seek to "save" women from "male lust". My understanding is that anti-pornography campaigners seek to stop pornographers from producing and distributing pornography, ie to intervene in a capitalist industry and market. Would she also say that opponents of nuclear power stations seek to save babies from warmth?

Whilst Wilson imputes "faith" to those she calls "feminist fundamentalists", it is she who treats us to several credoes: "I am... an "old fashioned" feminist... who believes that capitalism is more important than pornography". I don't reckon that belief is very helpful in this instance, and blind faith clearly prevents you from seeing capitalism where it meets you. Perhaps a dose of the good old simple fundamentalist feminist analysis of power and capital and the exploitation of female labour might come in handy here and get you further than any metaphoric acrobatics via Salman Rushdie and postmodernism? It might also remind you that feminist originally (ie fundamentally) was (and continues to be) a *political analysis* rather than a "way of life". And it might help you back to being able to distinguish between pornography and male sexuality, and between what pornography says and what feminists say.

A definition of *pornography* is not a definition of male sexuality, nor is it a depiction of masculinity: it is a definition of pornography. Least of all is it a feminist view of female sexuality.

Susanne Kappeler
Gustave Muller Platz
Berlin

Democrats

The wordbite "Elastoplast politics" (4 August) was very good and clearly shows the problems facing the Social and Liberal Democrats.

But I would like to protest about a couple of things. Firstly, we are *not* the "SLD". Please call us the Democrats if you can't be bothered to call us by our full title. Secondly, since when did the Democrats have only nine MPs? We actually have 19.

S Long
Park Gate
London W5

Gandhi's gambles

Ian Jack devotes his exceedingly kind and generous review of my book ("Gandhi's gambles", 4 August), almost entirely to the chapter discussing Gandhi's experiments with celibacy. The chapter on celibacy is one among eight more or less equal chapters, which between them deal with such diverse themes as Indian responses to British rule, Gandhi's theory of non-violence, his fight against untouchability and the way he Indianised the uniquely western autobiographical genre of writing.

In his otherwise fair summary of the chapter Ian Jack talks about "communal nakedness" and Gandhi's body pressing against that of his great grandniece. Since I have not come across any such information and mention no such thing in my book, I wonder what his sources are. Gandhi's moving and unusual experiments require a sensitive and respectful imagination. They lose their moral integrity when garnished by an undisciplined fantasy.

Bhikhu Parekh
Victoria Avenue
Hull

Trust must be earned

Patricia Hewitt tells us ("Positive thinking", 4 August) that "the essence of making Labour electable is trust.

Many of us *had* that trust but what is one meant to make of a leadership team that says Britain's nuclear weapons both are and are not a deterrent, that deplores arms sales but does not promise to abolish the Defence Sales Organisation, that rejects nuclear flexible response and first use but does not promise to get rid of British first use weapons and will not commit itself to withdraw without qualification from NATO first use exercises, that urges multilateralism (who doesn't?) but fails even to refer to the one ongoing multilateral forum (the Geneva Disarmament Conference) or to indicate if Britain, under Labour's negotiations, is or is not going to have nuclear weapons as long as anyone else has any.

This list of contradictions and confusions could be considerably extended. It does not inspire trust. Worse, some of what has been going on inspires positive mistrust. The NUPE executive's report to Conference suggested that one result of Labour's "new" policy would be to make millions available for the NHS. The policy review document promises only that "the defence budget cannot and should not be increased. . "

Winning the NUPE vote was critical to the progress of the "new" policy but was this a very trust worthy way of going about it?

It is not too late for a rethink. If the Labour Party at Conference could agree that nuclear weapons do nothing for our security and that the daily million pounds it costs to keep them operational should be spent on the NHS instead, Labour would cease to have electoral problems.

Bruce Kent
CND
22–24 Underwood Street
London N1 7JG

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● A woman who allegedly tried to kill herself twice in the cells at Hammersmith Police Station has been charged with damaging the blanket said to have been used in the second hanging attempt.—*Sunday Telegraph* (Kevin Quinn)

● Taste is now something that the advertising agendy Tilby and Leeves seems to lack alarmingly in its campaign for the London-based "Presentation Company". An ad in *Time* magazine depicts Hitler's podium with two faded swastikas in the background. The copy reads: "Using inappropriate colours can completely take the edge off an aggressive presentation."
—*Guardian* (George Moor)

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404	Balkan Crown Brut – *dry sparkler*	32.90
406	Balkan Crown Riesling – *medium sparkler*	36.90
402	Balkan Crown Chardonnay – *dry, Chardonnay flavour pushing its way through the bubbles*	36.90

France

Code		
302	Dry White, "Blanc de Blanc" – *Vin de Table, Lucien Coste*	24.40
304	Medium Dry White, "Blanc de Blanc" – *Vin de Table, Lucien Coste*	24.40
301	Red, "Rouge de France" – *Vin de Table, Lucien Coste*	24.40
310	Clairette du Languedoc 86 – *dry aromatic white*	29.90
311	Claret Lebegue 86/87 – *standard Claret*	29.90
313	Côtes du Rhone Prestige du Pape 87/88 – *full bodied red, light in style*	30.90
312	Muscadet de Sèvre & Maine Sur Lie, Benjamin Sourice 87/88 – *crisp clean white, with a faint prickle on the tongue. Runaway bestseller from the French range this Summer. Dry*	31.90
316	Bordeaux Sauvignon, Chateau Bois de Favereau 88 – *"full gooseberry bouquet, crisp", dry white*	31.90
321	Domaine Saumur – *light, fresh Loire red*	32.90
315	Montagne St Emilion, Chateau Faizeau 86 – *strong Cabernet bouquet softened by the Merlot*	39.90
318	Gewurztraminer, Caves D'Obernai 87/88 – *AC Alsace, medium dry*	39.90
314	Maçon Blanc Villages, Michel Parisot 87/88 – *dry and buttery, from the Chardonnay grape*	41.90
317	Medoc, Cru Bourgeois, Chateau Lieujan 86 – *full Cabernet bouquet*	48.90
319	Chateauneuf du Pape Domaine Amouroux 87 – *full gutsy red, in the traditional "cross keys" bottle*	55.90
420	Sparkling F.B. Belmont Brut – *dry white*	33.90

Notes

Hungary

Code		
88	Sauvignon Blanc 87/88 – *dry, cold fermented, plenty of fruit*	23.80
89	Cabernet Franc – *light, young, dry*	23.80
80	Gewurtztraminer 87/88 – *spicy, medium dry, cold fermented*	24.20
94	Olaszrizling 87/88 – green tinge, medium dry, cold fermented	24.20
90	Mori Ezerjo – *pretty dry medium-dry, good natural fruit, ungrafted vines*	24.20
82	Chardonnay 87/88 – *lots of flavour, dry, cold fermented*	24.20
96	Pinot Blanc 88 – *"dry, crisp, light and fresh", cold fermented*	24.20
81	Cabernet Sauvignon – *dry fruity red, from Villany, heefed up with a small percentage of Merlot*	24.20
83	Pinot Noir – *dry red, from the red grape of Burgundy*	24.20
91	Merlot – *over 3,000 top value wines were submitted to the "Wine Challenge" this Summer. This Merlot won one of just 27 gold medals*	24.20
95	Blush Kekfrankos – *medium dry, special introductory price till end Sept*	23.40
86	Tramini 79 – *sweet, classy vintage white*	32.90
84	Sauvignon Blanc 78 – *medium honeyed white*	32.90
85	Pinot Noir 79 – *quiet mature red*	32.90
97	Cabernet Sauvignon 82 – *"typical Cabernet nose and body, bags of tannin"*	32.90
87	Merlot 83 – *more of the Magyar Merlot flavour, from Villany*	32.90

Tokaji

Hungary's famous liqueur wine (50cl)

181	Szamorodni Dry 1984	36.90
182	Szamorodni Sweet 1984	40.90
183	Aszu 3 1982	51.20
185	Aszu 5 1982	59.80
186	Aszu Essencia 1976	254.80
187	Aszu Essencia 1957	473.80

Tasting Cases

Code		
350	French Case – *one each 302, 304, 301, 310, 311, 313, 316, 312, 321, 315, 318, 420.*	32.90
360	Top French Case – *one each 310, 311, 313, 312, 316, 321, 315, 318, 314, 317, 319, 420.*	38.90
56	Bulgarian Case – *one each 24, 26, 23, 14, 15, 3, 8, 12, 11, 13, 19, 17*	26.90
54	Top Bulgarian Case – *one each 35, 36, 37, 33, 7, 9, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 42.*	35.60
50	Country Wines Case – *two each 22, 24, 26, 21, 23, 25.*	25.20
63	Cabernet Case – *two each 11, 13, 19, 17, 35 One each 9, 39*	29.90
52	Reserve Case – *three each 35, 36, 37, 33.*	31.80
51	Controliran Case – *two each 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 42.*	38.40
68	Hungarian Case – *one each 88, 89, 80, 94, 96, 82, 96, 81, 83, 91, 95, 97.*	25.90
58	Top Hungarian Case – *one each 88, 94, 96, 82, 81, 83, 91, 95. Two each 85, 97, 87*	38.90
60	Hungarian Whites Case – *two each 88, 89, 94, 96, 82, 96*	25.20
170	Tokaji Case – *three each 181, 182. Two each 183, 185, and Tokaji Aszu 4.*	48.40
172	Top Tokaji Case – *two each 181, 182, 183, 185, Aszu 4. One each 186, 187.*	102.40
62	Dry Whites Case – *one each 14, 8, 36, 42, 88, 96, 302, 310, 316, 312, 314*	30.90
64	Medium and Sweet Whites Case – *one each 6, 22, 24, 26, 94, 80, 90, 84, 182, 185, 304, 318.*	32.80
61	Reds Case – *one each 3, 11, 13, 19, 17, 35, 37, 33, 97, 341, 317, 321*	30.90
73	Top Reds Case – *one each 3, 9, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 35, 37, 33, 315, 317, 319*	39.90
71	Budget Reds Case – *one each 3, 21, 23, 25, 5, 11, 13, 89, 81, 83, 91, 303*	25.90
440	Sparkling Case – *three each 404, 406, 402, 420.*	36.60
55	Budget Case – *one each 4, 5, 2, 6, 22, 24, 26, 88, 89, 81, 83, 95*	24.90

Wines, excepting tasting cases, coded with even numbers are white, odd red.

Prices include VAT and UK mainland delivery. Discounts per case for fully manned business addresses only: 5-10 cases less £1.60 per case, 11-20 cases less £2.80. Further discounts available for larger quantities, home addresses, and Northern Ireland/Isle of Man.

From 1st October there will be a few changes in the tasting cases, and the discounts will be extended to all UK mainland addresses.

Full list (and adding to the mailing for the Winter list) from:
Wines of Westhorpe, Field House Cottage, Birch Cross, Marchington, Staffs. ST14 8NX.
Tel: 0283 820285. Fax: 0283 820631.

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DIARY

Sean French

Last week's report by the National *Curriculum Working Party on* the teaching of history seemed so generally sensible that it's a pity it can't be extended to journalists as well as school students.

I'm thinking of the claim that specifically British history should be given renewed emphasis but not seen as "the centre of gravity". And that "an ethnically diverse population strengthens rather than weakens the argument for including a substantial element of British history within the school population, though it also places a high degree of responsibility on the manner in which the material is presented."

One candidate who should immediately be given a clip round the ear and sent back for a couple of years of the core curriculum is David Lovibond, who wrote a quite insane article on the leader page of this week's *Sunday Telegraph*. The article was headlined, "Will this be the death of England?" and it even had an epigraph from John Pym in 1641: "England was lost and no man durst speak truth."

Lovibond had identified a series of retreats from "Englishness" among which were Muslims burning the Union Jack, black gangs intimidating shopkeepers and, most devastating of all, the prospect of 3.25 million Hong Kong Chinese arriving here with their "fervent Chinese patriotism and profound foreignness".

Lovibond's portrait of the present was debatable enough, but I was more taken with his memories of the past: "Barely a generation ago these islands were occupied by a single people, who despite differences of region, background and expectation were bound by common loyalties and affections, by a shared history and memory. Thirty years on and the English have become 'the white section of the community', and Britishness is something to be had from the bazaar."

Beware of people who use the term English when they mean British. Beware also of those who manufacture quotations. In what sense, other than in crudely racist terms, has English become a term only to describe white people?

For Lovibond actual nationality, the mere possession of a passport, is an irrelevance (the following quotation should be read aloud in a plummy accent, preferably with some Vaughan Williams swelling up in the background): "In this anciently settled country the English people are rooted in the land, they take their traditions from it and from the older races who preceded them there. A nation is a people and its land together and England is resonant with the signs and landmarks of Englishness: the old track fading on the hillside, the tumbled stone of a Saxon steading, winter sunlight on new ploughland, the strip of dark beneath the trees, the names repeating in a country churchyard."

Englishmen are doubtless meant to read this with a lump in their collective throat, but how are the *Telegraph*'s Irish, Scottish and Welsh readers meant to respond? But then if we mentioned them we might remember that "these islands" have always, for both better and worse, been a mongrel mixture of races, constantly topped up by different ones from century to century.

There has been a fatuous Tory tradition of praising homogeneous cultures. T S Eliot did so, while disparaging "freethinking Jews", in lectures to an American audience (published as *After Strange Gods*). As William M. Chace responded robustly in his book, *The Political Identities of Ezra Pound and T S Eliot*, this claim was made in a country to which 38 million people had emigrated in the previous 100 years, and whose population of 120 million, 14 million were foreign born.

But this is to take Lovibond's argument too seriously. The families of three of my four grandparents were foreign and I wouldn't know a Saxon steading if I fell over one (or whatever it is you do with steadings), but none of this matters because I possess the one qualification of entry to Lovibond's mythical Merrie England that really matters: I'm white.

Mention of *After Strange Gods* reminds me of an entertaining row that has started to bubble nicely in the correspondence columns of the *London Review of Books*. With characteristic eccentricity, Craig Raine used a review of Chinua Achebe's selected essays to attack George Steiner's performance on a television programme about Eliot's anti-semitism.

The abstruse details of the dispute (over the question of whether Eliot's anti-semitism is worse than Pound's) are interesting, but I was also taken with Steiner's anger at being taken to task at all in what he termed a "gratuitous polemic some seven months after an ephemeral television round table... on an unscripted, entirely 'spoken' exchange."

Steiner seems to be claiming that one cannot be held responsible for statements made in such an ephemeral medium as television. This may account for his relatively forgiving attitude to Ezra Pound's bayings for Jewish blood, which was delivered only on the national radio service of Fascist Italy.

But Steiner certainly has a point about the TV medium. While browsing through the rest of the *Sunday Telegraph*, I came across Celia Brayfield's polemic about confessional television in the magazine. According to Brayfield, our TV needs the uninhibited self-disclosing style of presenters like Oprah Winfrey: "The moment when Oprah announced that she herself had been raped (or was it child sex abuse? I forget) and asked for a show of hands from all other similarly traumatised people in the studio audience was one of the most emotional in media history..."

It didn't seem to occur to Brayfield that the fact that she couldn't even remember what Oprah Winfrey's revelation actually concerned was decisive evidence *against* the importance of confessional television. Somewhere Marshall McLuhan is very happy.

My area has vandals who in terms of creative mischief outdo even those encountered by David Lovibond. No longer content with urinating in doorways, last Saturday night they set fire to all the wastepaper bins in the street.

Anyone who has ever struggled with a barbecue knows that lighting fires in the open is a tricky business. Our local pyromaniacs had not crudely set fire to the rubbish at the top but had tended the flames right deep in the heart of the rubbish. Not everyone's way of spending the hours after the pubs close, but the resulting line of billowing bins must have looked satisfying.

I would join with David Lovibond in demanding they be sent back where they came from, but unfortunately this *is* where they came from.

ROGER WODDIS

Turkish Delight

Mr Oltan Sungurlu, the Turkish Justice Minister, has announced the lifting of "disciplinary punishments" in Turkish jails

Thank Allah the foul days are finished!
No longer the screams in the night —
Be grateful, now they have diminished,
For platefuls of Turkish delight.

The frontiers of pain are abolished,
With Carlyle's "unspeakable Turk";
The Minister's accents are polished,
The torturers looking for work.

The scenes we once viewed with abhorrence,
The horrors of *Midnight Express*,
Are gone with the vision of Lawrence
Complaining of anal distress.

The jailers, deprived of a skinful,
Must now try to be more discreet
When saving the souls of the sinful
With blows on the souls of the feet.

Oh, let us forget in September
Electrodes and death in the tub,
When Europe admits a new member
And Turkey signs on for the club!

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Seeing off the Bulldog

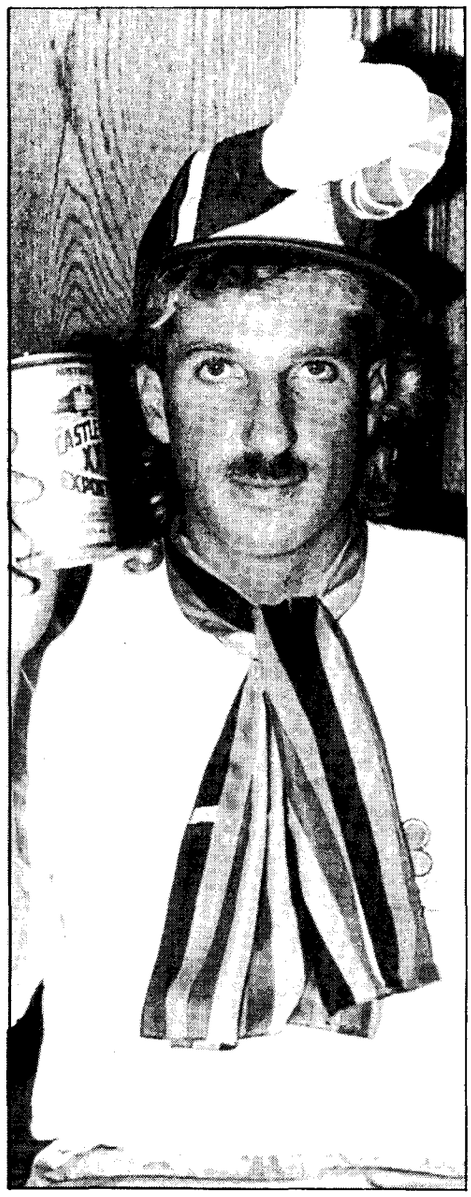
Britain's image as a sporting nation is in tatters. We lose everything we play and our traditional heroes have lost all sense of patriotism. Instead we must look to a new type of hero, far removed from the Bulldog breed, says Dave Hill

The English cricketers who succumbed to the lure of the rand were nothing less than "TRAITORS!", declared the *Sun* and the *Daily Mirror*. This was a cause for some irony. For one thing, the former tabloid (and to a lesser degree, the latter) is hardly known for backing the sporting boycott of apartheid. For another, English outlaw-in-chief, the impeccably lumpen Mike Gatting, had previously enjoyed the status of Good Old Gatt, the People's Champ, especially when eyeballing some shifty Pakistani umpire. But the wryest reaction of all is inspired by the fact that, in a crucial sense, both headline writers got it wrong. Facile, avaricious, blithe in their pursuit of self-interest and quite unable to conceive of an ethical realm beyond that of their own insular little world, the so-called rebel tourists in fact represent their nation only too well.

Sport is currently a difficult media vehicle for English national pride. If the way "our boys" perform is to be held up as an index of our nation's glory, then Britannia might as well hang up its jock strap right now. OK, the hockey team win, but that is not a *real* game, is it? The British Lions beat Australia at rugby union, but all those punch-ups were embarrassing. And the footballers made losers of themselves in last summer's European Championship, out-fought by the Irish, out-thought by the Soviets and out-shone by the Dutch.

But it is not simply a matter of getting comprehensively stuffed. The cricketers have now made life doubly difficult. Not only are they hopeless, but half of them would rather take a cheque from Ali Bacher than represent the home flag. You can have a bristling public image just like John Bull himself, but if you won't do your bit for Queen and Country, then what kind of national hero are you?

The business of the South African cricket tour points up a nice little rupture between what we are encouraged to believe popular English sporting heroes should be like, and the way they actually behave. It is, of course, the popular media which proclaim and celebrate these locker-room icons, inflating their reputations, revelling in their triumphs, luxuriating in their improprieties and screaming for their blood when they fail.



Ian Botham: as inept as all the rest?

As self appointed arbiters of what England expects, the tabloid press in particular has raised the stakes on the field of play, especially in the international arena. Nor is it a recent phenomenon. Stephen Wagg in his social history *The Football World* (Harvester Press, 1984) traces the association of football and newspaper jingoism back to the postwar era.

What has changed in top-class sport, though, is the advent, with a vengeance, of rival, "professional" values that do not always coincide with national allegiance.

That is the trouble with Gatt. He might have the demeanour of a gruff village policeman—as Patrick Collins portrayed him, with exemplary sarcasm, in the *Mail on Sunday*—but, in the end, cricket's Mr Plod is much more the professional than the patriot. In an insulting and dismissive press conference performance, Gatting's attitude was clear—plead ignorance, he thought, plead personal freedom. He did not know much about apartheid, he did not think politics should interfere in sport. But it is the implicit rejection of the homeland that caused the tabloids to nail him to a cross. So what, Gatting implied, if England is banished from her own Commonwealth Games? So what if the Queen doesn't get the chance, as old-guard English athletics administrator Sir Arthur Gold lamented, "to see all the Commonwealth together in one place"? All Gatt wants to do is look after his career, so sod Her Royal Highness.

Loyalty, though, is not the only quality required of our sporting stars, and it is instructive to examine what prompted Gatting's elevation to the position of folk hero that he has now been stripped of. Certainly it was not a status based on deeds. Though a solid Test performer, he has never been a flashing blade like his successor David Gower, the public school cavalier (another class of English golden boy) currently being derided as a wimp. Rather it was Gatting's fracas with foreign officialdom that did the trick, followed by the blushing barmaid episode which saw him relieved of the England captaincy. ▶

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Sport and General

Fatima Whitbread: moral backbone

These dramas led to him being portrayed as the ordinary, down-to-earth bloke who refused to be fleeced by some greasy Asian con man and who isn't averse to a buxom bit on the side. His chief assailants were the prudes in old school ties who represent the cricket establishment. You knew where you were with Gatt. Being punished for his plebeian tendencies turned him into a totem, one of us, a regular Union Jack. But now he has dishonoured the flag he must be ritually defrocked.

Gatting as Personality fitted in to a mould cast by his erstwhile colleague Ian Botham. Some obvious similarities exist: the one-of-the-lads demeanour, the anti-intellectual brawn, the apparent readiness for a scrap. But in Botham's cricketing pedigree there is real heroism. Controversies off the field have simply been constructed in the image of his fitful, maverick brilliance on it. More interesting, Botham's enduring standing as a popular idol has about it something of a throwback to the past, a vague yesteryear when life was lusty and straightforward.

It is a vision with only a nebulous basis in truth, but its evocative power is no less strong for that. While Botham's public utterances and semi-public misbehaviour can be puerile in the extreme, it is the same, apparently (but not really) uncluttered, simplicity he brings to the playing fields that endears him to the public. The bucolic quality of Botham's greatest moments is enormously elemental, the gusto, massively, traditionally British. He hasn't bought a ticket to Johannesburg yet, either. But the problem with Botham at present is he seems as inept as all the rest.

So where do we find success, the populist hero through whom we can trumpet our national splendour? Bobby Robson's boys do not have much to offer. The nearest England's soccer team has to a Botham figure is team captain Bryan Robson. A dashing, combative performer in the centre of midfield, where the studs are dug in deepest, in the past two years he is the only man in the side to have enhanced his reputation while wearing an England shirt. However, though all England loves an underdog who came close, losing has no honour when "we" were supposed to win.

These are desperate times and they call for desperate measures. Where is triumph, where is honour, where are the eternal virtues? The grim truth for proponents of traditional heroism is that these qualities reside among people who might just qualify, technically, as British but who the sporting establishment has never considered as embodying those special, almost mystical characteristics of *Englishness*.

The immaculate modesty of Frank Bruno's ascent to the pantheon of glorious losers has been discussed in these pages before. His propriety is flawless, his courage undoubted, his accent sublime. Frank fits the role. But he has made the part his own because, of course, he is black. The desire for a worthy heavyweight successor to Our 'Enry is enough to allow many exceptions to be made. But Frank has his feet planted firmly on the rostrum and who is going to ask him to leave?

Black sportsmen have long laboured under the enduring racist assumption that, while they may be "naturally" gifted, they lack the guts, and staying power—the bottle—of true blue Englishmen. These are accusations frequently levelled at the footballer John Barnes (and were given one more subtle airing by BBC Radio pundit Lawrie McMenemy during Saturday's commentary on the Charity Shield match which opened the domestic season). Born to a smart Jamaican family, Barnes is a regular England player, though he has rarely excelled in the national team. Where he has really come to the fore is at Liverpool. This achievement is all the more impressive because he is the first black player to establish himself with either of the two big clubs in a city where the experience of black people is described in the first report of the Liverpool 8 inquiry, chaired by Lord Gifford, as "uniquely horrific".

The interesting thing about Barnes is that he remains a relatively unsung hero in mass media land. Partly, this is due to a personal reticence which recoils from self-promotion. Further, his steadfastness under enemy fire—the torrential abuse of fans of the rival Everton club—has been proved in circumstances which throw British xenophobia, in its particular Liverpudlian form, into sharp relief—and we don't want to dwell on the negative side of football, even if we recognise it as such, do we, Brian?

However, Barnes's qualities, as a player and a human being, have not been lost on Merseyside's fair-minded white citizens or a nation of football-crazy boys (and girls) who often acquire their affiliations from TV. Barnes is their number one man. He can be a dazzling performer with the ball at his feet, floating past defenders in acts of derring-do which, for some, are a throw-back to Matthews, Finney and the Golden Age of English football. He is also a gentleman, a good sport, never indulging in the spite and petulance that all agree is a symptom of the modern "win" mentality.

Barnes is a hit off the field too. In the shocked aftermath of Hillsborough, he was the most visible of all the Liverpool players in tending to the bereaved. The personal columns of the local papers were dotted with messages of thanks to the man who has a sense of duty to something other than just his bank account. He has also captured the imagination like no other English player of the past two years.

Recently, in the depth of national recrimination inspired by cricketing debacles, Britain's athletes triumphed over fancied opposition in the European Cup—an event far and away more significant than the return of prim Sebastian Coe and weeping Steve Ovett. Their win was seized on as a chink of light at the end of the tunnel but, again, this was a display of native pluck involving many who would traditionally be considered from the "wrong" race to exhibit such characteristics.

On top of this paradox was piled a further complication and another concept of national honour. When it came to South African cricket tours, some of these doughty fighters were breaking rank, and not only because their personal ambitions were threatened. On the contrary. Black sprinter John Regis had already lambasted Roland Butcher and Phillip DeFreitas, the black cricket "rebels" as betrayers (they have subsequently dropped out). Now others were in the spotlight and expressing similar views. A couple of young black women in a white man's world, Tessa Sanderson and Fatima Whitbread, already popular personalities, suggested that if the Commonwealth Games were to be wrecked because of English sportsman, maybe the English athletics party should have the moral backbone to withdraw: an altruism almost unheard of in international sport.

National sporting pride demands national winners. As the moral sloth of the English sporting establishments begins to filter down as failure on the field, an alternative set of heroes is stepping forward, exhibiting more of the Dunkirk spirit than any of their fallen predecessors but with something of an old-fashioned sense of honour too. For them, "professionalism" does not necessarily mean absolute self-centredness and national triumph is not a matter of crude jingoism. Right now, none of our victorious men and women is the progeny of the Bulldog breed. They are vastly preferable to *that*. How will the nation cope? ●

Dave Hill's new book "Out of his skin: the John Barnes phenomenon" is published by Faber in September.

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Toxic shock

Vicky Hutchings looks at why the government has reacted so strongly to the Greenpeace campaign against our status as the world's dustbin

Last weekend the quality papers were unanimous: Greenpeace had "overreached itself." What it had done was, in Greenpeace terms, absolutely unremarkable. Activists sailed a dinghy up the Thames, at the start of their campaign against the importation of toxic waste into Britain, and stuck a skull and crossbones on the hull of a ship carrying a small cargo of polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) into Tilbury docks.

But this time, the after-effects were staggering. Not only was that particular shipment turned away by the port managers because of "environmental concern", but the fact that 15 ships were on their way to Liverpool from Canada, carrying up to 3,000 tonnes in total of these particularly dangerous chemical wastes, caused dock workers and port authorities to react swiftly. Liverpool said it would refuse to take the waste, a perfectly legal shipment, and 38 ports initially followed suit. A deal worth 7.9 million Canadian dollars was in jeopardy. By last Friday, as the dockers' refusal to unload the PCBs made front page news, the share price of Rechem, the waste disposal company seeking to import the Canadian waste, had fallen by 10 per cent.

Environment secretary Chris Patten condemned the "hysteria", but it was left to Sir Hugh Rossi, chair of the Commons environment committee, to explain the real cause of the government's anger: the hysteria was causing "such unnecessary alarm and damage to an industry which is becoming an important contributor to the nation's balance of payments."

The Sunday papers took their cue: Auberon Waugh duly lashed out in the *Sunday Telegraph*, Simon Jenkins in the *Sunday Times* pretended to be terrified that with "the prevailing wind... this cargo of Canadian death would race the length of the food chain before I could say Chernobyl." Even the *Observer* sneered at the "Greenpeace machine... manipulating the nation's media". All very different from the days of the Karin B. Was a battle between environmentalists and greedy capitalists about to take place? Was Mrs Thatcher's green conversion about to be tested?

Enter Virginia Bottomley, under-secretary at the Department of the Environment, to explain that, really, they were both on the same side: "I am not convinced that turning our backs on waste is necessarily the most environmentally responsible course of action." Quite so. And various papers speculated over the weekend on the dangers of nimbyism and turning away Canadian PCBs from these shores: "surreptitious sea-dumping", the possibility of the waste being "redirected via the blackest of the world's black markets to end in a mafia warehouse or dumped on an African beach".

To inject a note of realism into the hyperbole: we in Britain are being urged to do our environmental duty because Canada, among the world's top seven richest countries, with vast empty spaces, access to modern incinerator technology and a ban on importing other countries' toxic waste, wants to get rid of as much of its own hazardous industrial scourings as it can, as cheaply and as far away as possible.

Among the countries taking advantage of our cheap rates and exporting their hazardous waste to Britain (more than 80,000 tonnes last year) are Holland, Belgium, the USA, Scandinavia, Australia, Switzerland and West Germany. There remains the argument that Britain's waste industry is "properly regulated and rigorously controlled", and is therefore where the rest of the world's toxic waste should be headed. But the situation is not quite as perfect as Bottomley suggests.

Even the UK's 37 municipal incinerators, found in most major cities, contribute dioxins to the environment

Leigh Interests, the waste management company which tried to bring in the Karin B, was found guilty of numerous offences over illegal dumping of liquid industrial wastes under the Control of Pollution Act earlier this year (it is appealing). Residents living near its Walsall treatment site complain of sore eyes, sore throats, headaches, sickness and the chemical stench. Leigh runs one of the the UK's four commercially available incinerators, near Sheffield, which is not licensed to burn the highly toxic PCBs but takes less dangerous chlorinated waste. Local residents complain of plumes from the chimneys which fall onto their houses. Meanwhile, Leigh is seeking planning permission for a high-temperature toxic incinerator in Doncaster.

There has been greater controversy surrounding the three high-temperature incinerators licensed to burn PCBs, over alleged birth and eye defects, chest complaints, general health problems, and smell. (Rechem has two incinerators: one at Pontypool in Wales and one at Fawley, Southampton; Cleanaway has one in Ellesmere Port.) Torfaen Borough Council says its latest report shows that PCB concentrations in grass round Rechem's Pontypool plant are "significantly elevated". People living nearby complain of the smell: "like chlorine in swimming baths, only sweeter and it lasts for days."

To people in Teesside, which has the worst health problems and early-death rate in Britain, plans for two new toxic waste incinerators by Ocean Environmental Management and the Caird group are the last straw. These are in addition to two sewage sludge incinerators planned by Northumbrian Water which will also take industrial waste to encourage extra revenue. (See *NSS*, "Muddy motives", 11 August).

All incinerators, says Greenpeace, quoting US Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) research, release *some* hazardous compounds to the air, even the very best working at 99.999 per cent efficiency. For this reason it is demanding, not only that hazardous waste be dealt with in the country of origin to lessen the possibility of spills during transit, but that incineration of toxic waste be phased out altogether. (In practice, it might be useful as a last resort.)

To critics who ask what poor third world countries should do, it points to the fact that toxic wastes emerging from such sources are often created by the same multinationals which operate in the first world, and says they should be forced to clean up after themselves wherever their operations are based. They should, says Greenpeace, work towards waste minimisation and recycling—incineration merely provides a convenient outlet.

But while public opposition to toxic waste incineration has centred on those plants which deal with hazardous chemical wastes, a government paper issued in June reveals that even the UK's 37 municipal incinerators are a danger to the public although they don't burn any particularly toxic substances. These incinerators exist in most major cities and contribute 30 per cent of TCDDs, the most toxic of all the dioxins (the most carcinogenic chemicals on earth) from combustion sources. (Coal-fired power stations and other coal-fired plant produce about a sixth between them.) An EC directive on emissions standards agreed in June will probably force nearly 30 of these to close within eight years. Dioxins, released in combustion, can be produced in particularly high quantities during incineration of PCBs, which break down into dioxins if temperature controls aren't high enough.

On Teesside or Merseyside (the site of another proposed toxic waste incinerator), the lack of evidence to prove the complaints from those living around existing waste plants is neither here nor there. Incinerators are usually built in industrial areas and affect populations well-used to industrial processes, pollution and unemployment. As usual, it is the poor, the young and the working class who suffer most. Greenpeace claims that press and government vilification shows that its campaign has been a great success. But the people who still have to live with the waste may think otherwise. ●

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Green's grand stand

The Greens may be popular, but their thinking has yet to be tested. Sarah Benton talks to the party's speaker Jean Lambert

She would hate to be described as a political leader. Jean Lambert, the British Green Party's speaker is, for a start, open about her uncertainties. She has none of the characteristics that both the SLD and SDP were convinced they must have when they chose as leaders an ex-marine commando and a doctor with his own reputation for cutting up opponents, who promised charisma and certainty but delivered confusion. Lambert, 39, plump, with silver threads in her unstyled long hair, looks the part-time supply teacher she is. She does not look like the member of the nine-person executive of the Green group in the European parliament that she has just become. And she is quite without pretension.

Nonetheless, Lambert, already smarter and crisper than she was two years ago, acknowledges the need for professionalism. The Greens who prefer to keep their party small, local and ultra-democratic, may see this as a sell-out. But that does not seem to matter. As a party, it is in the vanguard of something bigger than itself. Capitalism's nemesis at the end of the 20th century is not the organised working class but several potential catastrophies, all of which the Greens are trying to harness. These are the growing imbalance of the first and the third world, the intolerable detritus of the industrialised society; and the friction between the old structure of the nation state and re-formed ethnic, religious and regional identities.

It is a hotch-potch of issues, and Lambert readily admits that there are a lot of conflicts the Greens have to think through. The "rainbow alliance" with Europe's regional parties, which Die Gruhne (the West German Greens) were particularly anxious to build, has already broken down in the European Parliament. The Greens have left the Rainbow Group to the regionalists, some of whom are effectively right wing. So this European Parliament sees a new Green group of 30 elected members, from West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Spain and Holland. It is not quite Green-only (nothing is so simple) as an Italian was elected on an anti-drugs-law ticket, and two of the Germans come from the Alternative list, and "take very strongly the attitude that their job is not to be there and make things work". Lambert foresees trouble there.

Nonetheless, European Greenery is cohering on several distinct issues. Protection of the environment is the obvious one, and action against toxic waste will be their leading edge. Human rights is the next, touching civic rights in eastern Europe, and the rights of women, immigrants and ethnic minorities. Symbolically, the Germans put a Romany at the head of their list—because he lacks German citizenship he cannot take his place. But the Arab from Lyons who was number eight on the French list has taken hers. Lambert herself thinks she will use her facilities at the EP to concentrate on immigration. The third area on which European greenery will focus is relations with the third world, though action here seems so far to consist of a video on third world debt.

Given the Greens' opposition to the very constitution of the EC, they have months of argument ahead of them on how to use the institution without betraying their commitment to a wider Europe. They have got the chair of the regional affairs committee and vice-chairs of six others. But more importantly, the European Green Co-ordination, the political body which links 17 European countries, including the Austrians and Swedes, is expecting its first application to join from Estonian Greens this year.

The emergence of a green ethos is a phenomenon of a post-industrialised society

If that is the forerunner of a trend, it will really test the western Green assumption that rights for women and ethnic minorities go hand in hand with environmental protection. After all, part of the desire of eastern European Greens to identify with Greens of the west, is to disassociate themselves from the oriental and Muslim ethnic groups which they feel threaten their progress. At the start of this month, a deputation of British Greens went off to meet their Hungarian colleagues. They were warned that they might be "shocked" by the Hungarian attitude to some of those self-evident truths.

We have assumed that the pro-equality western version of Green politics will be the dominant form. But both the east and the third world will challenge that. After all, do not Greens sometimes appear to be telling the third world that their forests are not in fact theirs, but belong to the world's atmosphere, ie, the deforested west? Lambert is optimistic about links with, say, Brazilian rubber-tappers. But she agrees that the emergence of a "green ethos" is a phenomenon of a post-industrial society.

It is the industrialised countries that produce the effluent swamp of affluence and whose citizens are prepared to say "enough". The dockers of Tilbury and Liverpool know that their refusal to handle toxic waste is as proper a protest as their strike against casual labour. It is the working-class consumer who does not have the money to escape the sewage on the Costa del Sol, who makes environmental health a dominant demand of the age. As Herbert Marcuse said in 1967: "Advanced capitalist society has reached a point where quantitative change can technically be turned into qualitative change, into authentic liberation." A liberation from affluence, he said.

Lambert uses the language of liberation, if not of capitalism and class. "We would say that you cannot have the perfect ecological environment if it's one that is imposed." Why? "It generally tends to be true that the more hierarchical the system, the less open it is to forms of political action that bring about change, and the things people want to do with their whole futures is extremely limited."

But that doesn't really explain what the link is between the social system and the state of the environment. It used to be said—and Tony Benn said it again at the last Labour Party conference—that accidents at work were quite simply the result of capitalism. Tell that to the East Germans. Or to Andre Sakharov, new Soviet deputy, who announced that the Soviet Union is the most polluted country in the world. Are not the Greens in danger of making too simple an equation between a particular form of political rule and the environment?

Lambert says: "What it boils down to is that most people know what is good for their environment, particularly where they have a close relationship to the land." But it is far from self-evident that local people are the best guardians of the environment. After all, it was the people of Islay in Scotland who, when faced with the choice between a marsh supporting rare white-fronted geese and peat extraction for Guiness's Scottish Malt Distillers, chose the distillery. In other words, it is only when fear of environmental destruction is more powerful than the desire for work, that the geese get the vote. Which is why Green politics is a post-

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Jillian Edelstein

industrial phenomenon.

There is a lack of new thinking here on political forms. In their rejection of the limits of the nation state, the Greens seem to have ended up with no successor for what was called the "general will" or even the "national interest"—ie, some larger community which could resolve its internal conflicts. The parochial community, bent on preserving its existing land use and power structure, can easily be a xenophobic body, dominated by village elders who fiercely resent the only forces that offer liberation for their dependants—paid employment and access to a larger world. Says Lambert: "Green thinking does demand new ways out of particular issues. I think there are possible conflicts within it which have not been addressed and examined. Part of that is because having had a very obvious target with the state of the planet, much of that extraneous, no not extraneous, that wider thinking hasn't been done."

However, the Greens shot to their 15 per cent European vote this summer precisely because, thinks Lambert, their message was so "unalloyed". It was the only vote that allowed people to say, unambiguously: we want European action on the environment. Nonetheless, it is clear that Green remedies are incompatible with the way that many of their voters live, and how they want to see the country run.

If new Green thinking on political structures seems a little shaky, clearly more work has been done on economics. And this is in tune with economic thinking beyond the bounds of Green parties. Simply, it is to argue that the system of economic measurement we have used, the costs we have counted, are far too narrow; and anachronistic. Damage to the environment can no longer be filed as an "externality" to the process but its full cost has to be taken into account. Companies can no longer go on churning out new products without having to think of how they dispose of their waste. Or, as the New Economic Foundation, offshoot of "The Other Economic Summit" puts it: "The new economic order must be one that recognises that, in the one-world economy that now exists, the prime concern of economics must be with wealth and wellbeing for people and the earth, rather than with the wealth of nations." So farewell, Adam Smith. ●

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Standing firm

Rob Edwards reports on the erratic progress of the Scottish poll tax non-payment campaign, which has generated surprising solidarity

Few things annoy the Scots more, or more often, than English media coverage. The poll tax, it seems, has at last become important news south of the border because the English have begun to be affected by it. Up here we're all meant to have been paying it for five months.

Of course not all of us have yet managed to get round to sending any money. According to the most recent (and still frustratingly imprecise) reports from regional councils, somewhere between 800,000 and one million people have not so far paid a penny, representing perhaps a quarter of the paying population.

Some are too poor, and facing desperate choices between food, shelter and the tax. Others, doubtless, are forgetful or deceitful. A few may have been missed out by the collection authorities. But a substantial number must be part of Scotland's continuing non-payment campaign.

It is an odd and rather unlikely campaign. It is being run by organisations which are not usually in the habit of speaking to each other. Perhaps the most effective grouping is the Militant-led Scottish Federation of Anti-Poll Tax Groups, which has a network of groups concentrated mainly in Strathclyde and Lothian. It has organised two successful mass demonstrations (10,000 in March and the same number in June).

The Scottish National Party is still making proclamations about its "army of 100,000 non-payers", though no one outside the party knows who they all are. Then there are the Committees of 100, supposedly sprung from the original Committee of 100 non-payers launched late last year by a group of dissident Labour MPs. Although I am one of them, I have heard nothing for months. Lack of campaign resources has apparently been a problem.

A further group, Citizens Against the Poll Tax, has been active in challenging the tax in the courts. There has been a number of court cases throughout Scotland in which people have challenged the tax as illegal, immoral or incompetent.

A few have already appealed to the Court of Session, Scotland's senior court, and are prepared if necessary to go to the House of Lords and the European Court. Citizens Against the Poll Tax (c/o 186 Morrison Street, Edinburgh EH3 8EB) is trying to raise the £30,000 that may be needed for one case—probably that of Edinburgh solicitor Randolph Murray—to reach Strasbourg. There, says CAPT secretary Barbara Simon, "the UK government will finally be obliged to face the illegality of its actions".

Some of the court cases make strange reading. Ross Flett, who lives on the Orcadian island of South Ronaldsay, was fined £50 plus £500 costs for declining to specify his girlfriend's age on the poll tax registration form.

Eileen Mohr, a Methodist church lay preacher from Banchory on Deeside, has challenged the poll tax on religious grounds. She argued at Aberdeen Sheriff Court that if she paid her £250 tax she would be 50 per cent better off, while others would be worse off. This was like stealing from the poor and was contrary to the teachings of Christ, John Wesley and natural justice, she said.

Tom Ronald, an unemployed man from Stranraer, is repaying fines totalling £250 for not completing his poll tax registration form by having £1.75 deducted every week from his benefit by the Department of Social Security. Because that is the maximum that can be so deducted, Dumfries and Galloway council officials are now wondering how they can ever hope to retrieve Mr Ronald's outstanding £258 poll tax bill.

One man was fined £50 for declining to specify his girlfriend's age on the poll tax registration form

Outside the courts, events have sometimes been equally bizarre. The owner of the Hebridean island of Eigg, Keith Schellenberg, has demanded that his territory be made a poll tax-free zone because he regards the tax as personally repressive and socially disastrous for islanders. He runs two vintage cars, a Bentley and a Rolls Royce, and says he will carry on paying his rates to Highland Regional Council.

In Lothian a group of anonymous computer hackers claimed that they had planted a virus in the region's poll tax computer which was removing a name from the register every 15 minutes and replacing it with the name of a child or a dead person. In spite of extensive checks, the region's computer specialists said that they could find no evidence of any such virus at work.

In Aberdeen two sheriff officers who were trying to poind (impound prior to compulsory sale) the goods of a couple who had refused to pay a £50 fine for not registering were driven away by a crowd of 80 angry protesters. In Glasgow, Janette McGinn, the wife of folk singer, Matt, refused to open the door to a sheriff officer watched by 300 anti-poll tax demonstrators.

These, and other, cases have mostly arisen due originally to refusals to complete registration forms. That was a tactic that few were advocating last year as its penalties—a £50 fine followed by successive £200 fines—are worse than for non-payment. The worst that can happen to those of us who have not paid is that either our wages will be arrested, our bank accounts interfered with or our non-essential household goods compulsorily sold.

So far none of these things has happened. In Lothian most of those who paid nothing for three months received a pleasant letter suggesting that they apply for a rebate or visit a local advice centre. In Strathclyde, according to a spokesperson, non-payers should have been sent two reminders but this may not have happened in some cases because of the huge administrative problems the introduction of the tax has caused.

Delays have been caused by NALGO's industrial dispute. The union deliberately targeted the poll tax in Scotland as part of its successful pay battle with local authority employers throughout Britain. Staff meant to be processing and collecting the tax were on strike in many regions. This means that the whole process of chasing up non-payers is likely to be delayed for months. As a result the crunch for the non-payment campaign, which according to some predictions should be already upon us, has been postponed.

When and if the crunch comes later this year, the outcome is still likely to be messy. Mrs Thatcher, despite all the hopeful rhetoric from Militant and the SNP, is unlikely to abolish what she almost alone persists in calling the community charge. Eventually, one way or another, most people will end up paying the poll tax.

But at least the experience will have been exciting. The poll tax is talked about everywhere I go, and everywhere, even amongst the well-off, it is despised. I know hardly anyone who has paid it. People ring up to discuss how not to pay it, seeking and offering solidarity.

One friend says he has not replied to a single poll tax letter since April last year and absolutely nothing has happened. Another decided reluctantly to pay but then, to her fury, was billed twice. A third asked if she could put my name on a list she was compiling to stiffen the resolve of some of her wavering non-paying friends. My neighbours invited me to a poll tax solidarity Sunday lunch (and then talked about everything but the tax).

I have been visited at home in the evening by two cheerfully optimistic representatives from Edinburgh's Sciennes/Marchmont Anti-Poll Tax Group. They have also sent me a newsletter telling me in detail what to expect from the poll tax collectors (no action until 22 September). It encourages me in block capitals to "STAND FIRM, DON'T PAY AND WE WILL WIN!". I only wish I could believe it ●

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Peter Bialobrzeski/Network

A national food policy would run counter to deep-seated political convictions

Writing a new prescription

As opposition mounts to the NHS white paper, Virginia Beardshaw sets a new agenda for public health in the 1990s

Kenneth Clarke's proposed reforms of the NHS have provoked almost universal concern, and have succeeded in establishing a loose but powerful coalition of opponents which may yet prove the government's Achilles' heel. Much of the opposition relates to a fear that institutional change—in particular the introduction of self-governing hospitals—is a first step in the dismantling of the service. But there are wider and more fundamental criticisms of Conservative health policy.

In its second report on *Working for Patients* last week, the House of Commons Social Services Select Committee became the latest critic of the government's failure to take account of the public health dimensions of its proposed changes. The committee makes this point strongly, but gives few detailed arguments to support its case. Since the truth of Disraeli's assertion that "the health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their powers as a state depend" is as clear today as it was in his time, it is worth exploring just what the Committee might mean.

In the broadest sense, their criticism relates back to the old chestnut about the NHS being a treatment-centred, demand-led "national disease service" rather than an organisation aiming at improving the health of the population overall. More narrowly, it concerns the government's failure to spell out how the managerial and financial arrangements proposed in the white paper marry up with the new public health structures established following the report from the committee headed by chief medical officer Sir Donald Acheson. Both strands are important, since together they point to one of the outstanding gaps in this government's ten-year term in office: the absence of any kind of strategic thinking about British health policy.

Throughout the 1980s, debate about UK health policy has been dominated by three issues: how to determine the method and level of financing health care; how to improve the delivery of health services; and how—following Sir Douglas Black's report on health inequalities—to take account of the wide range of economic, environmental and social factors which influence disparities in health status. With its heavy emphasis on the managerial arrangements needed to introduce competition into direct health care

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services, *Working for Patients* focuses almost solely on ensuring efficient health care delivery, although it makes a few references to improving consumer choice and service responsiveness for public relations purposes.

Overall, the government's strategy is both ambitious and high-risk. Its success depends, as this year's King's Fund Institute paper *Managed Competition* argued, on striking a difficult balance between the stimulus of competition and the regulation needed to safeguard fair and accessible service provision.

It is also limited. Emphasis on the supply side reflects ministers' impatience with the health service's insatiable demands for increased funding, and their disinclination to focus on the underlying determinants of health—particularly

Mike Abrahams Network

Structural changes must match the push for healthier lifestyles

where these are influenced by anything other than individual lifestyles. Unfortunately, these preoccupations blind them to the potential of broadly based, multisectoral health promotion strategies of the kind needed to address major late-twentieth century problems.

The policy problems posed by coronary heart disease (CHD) provide a case in point. This modern epidemic is the largest single recorded cause of death in Britain. It kills 180,000 people a year, and brings suffering and disability to two million more. The NHS spends £500 million a year on direct treatment, and there are broader economic costs as well. CHD accounts for some 10 per cent of all working days lost due to illness, and sickness benefits are in the region of £250 million. Britain is not alone in experiencing this epidemic, of course, but since the late 1960s comparable countries—the United States, Canada and Australia among them—have achieved much greater reductions in CHD deaths than we have: over that period, British death rates for the 40-69 age group declined by only 10 per cent for men and 2 per cent for women, while in the US and Canada rates fell by some 40 and 50 per cent respectively for both sexes. Overall, CHD mortality rates in Britain remain among the highest in the world.

While some of the reasons for the more dramatic falls in CHD death rates remain obscure, it is clear that national efforts to promote dietary change and exercise and reduce smoking have played an important part. Earlier this year, the National Audit Office (NAO) was sharply critical of the Department of Health's failure to spearhead a broadly based intersectoral CHD health promotion policy in England and Scotland. The NAO's arguments were based partly on value-for-money, given the potential saving to the public purse if Britain could achieve similar reductions in CHD incidence. In the same report, *Heartbeat Wales*—the Welsh Health Promotion Authority/Welsh Office CHD prevention project—was cautiously commended for its early success in influencing people's smoking, dietary and exercise habits positively through a broadly based campaign directed at both structural and lifestyle change.

Heartbeat Wales is notable for involving food producers and retailers in the task of evolving a healthier diet for the Welsh population at the same time as it encourages individuals to adopt healthier lifestyles. In doing so, it has managed to harness the acumen of businesses like Tesco and bodies like the Meat and Livestock Commission to promote healthier products. Nationally, however, there has been no attempt to coordinate UK food production and supply in ways that would promote health, even though it has been clear for some time that dietary change has an important part to play in the reduction of heart disease and some cancers.

It is possible that current concerns about food quality and safety may force ministers to think again about developing a national food policy, but to do so would run counter to deep-seated political convictions. It would also challenge entrenched spheres of influence and make waves within Whitehall. Sad to say, health considerations cut no ice at all in the piecemeal renegotiation of the Common Agricultural Policy which the Ministry of Agriculture is just completing.

Instead of developing a two-pronged strategy to encourage both healthy lifestyles and the structural measures to support them, central government falls back on exhorting individuals. This blinkered approach to health promotion is one of the reasons why any consideration of the determinants of health is conspicuous by its absence from the NHS white paper. In ministers' minds health promotion and the organisation of health care delivery tend to be packed in very separate boxes, although narrowly medical health promotion and prevention targets do form part of general practitioners' briefs. And central government approaches are blinkered in another sense: in designing health promotion policies ministers have consistently put all their eggs in the health authority basket, ignoring the potential of local government for public health.

One way of remedying this at local level lies in the comprehensive implementation of the post-Acheson reforms to public health structures within health authorities (HAs), and the wholehearted coordination of their efforts on public health and health promotion with those of local authorities and Family Practitioner Committees. Optimists identify the development of strong HA public health departments as critical to the successful implementation of the white paper proposals. In theory, they should be capable of assessing the health needs of their population and evaluating the effectiveness of health care in a way that will influence health and local authority planning and—ultimately—the form and direction of health authority and general practitioner contracts. In doing so, they could provide the comprehensive basis for planning which the new pluralistic system of health care providers will badly need.

In practice, the reality is likely to fall far short of this, at least at present. The truth is that departments of public health will need to be fostered and encouraged to develop these kinds of capabilities. This is as much a function of the embryonic state-of-the- art of measuring health care outcomes as it is of the current skills of health authority departments in community medicine. It also reflects the isolation and low status of many health education and promotion units within health authorities.

In any case, it is by no means certain that the public health function will get much nurturing in the brave new competitive climate which the government hopes will develop in the wake of the white paper. Some observers worry that as hospitals opt out health authorities will become rump bodies, starved of managerial talent, which will be siphoned into the self-governing hospitals. Their fears have been fuelled by the shape of the government's implementation strategy which appears to be concentrating on the mechanisms of opting out.

One of the main health challenges of the 1990s will be coping with the increasing demands of an ageing population which is growing larger and more dependent. Another involves recognition that many of the worst features of the nation's public health profile are the product of deep-rooted social and economic disadvantages which are the daily experience of the most deprived sections of the community. Until and unless distributional issues assume a more central role in a coordinated approach to social policy then gross health inequalities will continue to undermine the achievements of the NHS. One of the tragedies about the controversy over *Working for Patients* is that it is so narrowly focused. The government may have stirred up formidable opposition, but they have also successfully hijacked the agenda. ●

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Abandoned inside

Yvonne Roberts

Next week, Susan Poole faces the second anniversary of the worst day of her life. On 20 August, 1987, she looked into the cot of her ten-month-old son, Dean, and saw that he was dead. He weighed half the normal weight for a child that age, and for the last few weeks of his life, he had lived in a room covered with excreta on the walls, lying on a urine-sodden mattress.

In the next room, Michael, Dean's two-year-old brother, lay in his mother's bed, too emaciated to walk. This is a harrowing season of anniversaries for Susan. In a few weeks time, it will be Michael's fourth birthday. Susan hasn't seen him since 1987: now she never will. Michael will shortly be adopted. In the weeks leading up to Dean's death, Susan Poole says now, she must have been literally out of her mind. In the way that she has been treated since, it's a wonder that she's stayed sane.

In June 1988, Susan Poole, now 22, was given seven years for the death of Dean. She pleaded guilty to manslaughter on the ground of diminished responsibility. The judge gave Frederick Scott, then 38, Susan Poole's common law husband, ten years. Last month, their appeal against sentence was heard. The argument put forward by Frederick Scott's barrister was that Scott worked as a security guard from early morning until 7pm—and then he went to the pub. The children were therefore not his responsibility. His record of violence against Susan was not detailed. The appeal court judges agreed with the apportioning of parental duties. They said: "Scott was not responsible for the day to day care of the children. He was at work. On the other hand, he was aware of the conditions in the flat and the neglect of the children, about which he effectively did nothing. He was older than Poole with more experience of life... In our view he was equally culpable with Poole." And in what mental state was the "culpable" Susan Poole at the time of Dean's death?

She was so mentally ill that, within days of her arrest, she was sectioned under the 1983 Mental Health Act for six months. She was also considered a major suicide risk.

Her personality problems, as the appeal court accepted, came from a childhood in which her father left the family home when she was two. She was sexually abused when she was 11; she ran away from home at 15; both she and her sister were given psychiatric care shortly after; her relationship with her mother—now non-existent—had always been tense. At 16, Susan Poole met Frederick Scott, then in his 30s, she moved in with him at 17. The following year she had Michael; three months later she was pregnant again with Dean. Scott showed no interest in Dean and she managed alone and well—according to those professionals who subsequently failed to give her help when she sought it again and again—until the last few weeks of her baby's short life.

In July, Susan visited the GP four times for depression. She took more and more antidepressants. In the week before Dean's death, she stopped feeding him altogether. "I sat there and let it happen," she wrote to me this year. "I can never come to terms with that... But it was never my intention that either of my children should suffer because I couldn't cope."

She's had no company, classes or work to keep her occupied but has lived with a muzak of violent threats

During the trial and the appeal, Dr Pamela Taylor, a psychiatrist who treated Susan for several months after her arrest, argued that she should be given probation with a condition that she receive treatment. In the appeal court, this was dismissed by the judges who decided that Susan was culpable. "The real measure of Poole's responsibility for the death of her son can properly be reflected in a sentence of five years"—a reduction of two years.

The sentence of the "equally culpable" Frederick Scott has been cut from ten to five years. He will now be released a year before Susan. Why? Because she served ten months, on remand in a psychiatric unit—but that cannot be counted against her sentence. Scott, in a healthier frame of mind, was on remand in prison and so that time *does* count against his sentence. It's an Alice in Wonderland kind of justice upon which Susan Poole has had plenty of time to reflect.

In the spring of this year, Susan was transferred to Cookham Wood prison in Kent. This has meant that until a week ago, for several months, she has spent 23 hours a day alone in her cell. She has had no psychiatric help. She has had no radio, no company, no classes, no work to keep her occupied but she has lived with a muzak of violent threats. Although she was on Rule 43, intended to isolate those whose conviction may put them at risk from other prisoners, her cell was continually passed by other women, kicked and banged.

A week ago, Susan was transferred back to Holloway where she began her sentence just over a year ago. In Holloway, while on Rule 43, she was pushed down the stairs in an "accident"—but at least the isolation is less acute. One other woman is on Rule 43, there is access to television and some classes—but still there is no psychiatric help. Apart from Chris Tchaikovsky from Women in Prison, and me, Susan Poole has also received no visitors. Her father was recently tracked down by the Salvation Army but he said that he had no wish to know his daughter.

Her remorse and grief are now etched on to her personality like livid tattoos. In two years, she could be released and pregnant again. She says she is wary of the future, not because she would repeat the neglect but because she has no understanding of why she has the past that she has. She needs psychiatric help. The Home Secretary has the power to reduce her sentence or put her on probation with a condition of treatment. At the very least, she could be sent to Durham where there are so many women on long sentences for horrific crimes that Rule 43 is unnecesary—and conditions are infinitely better than isolation in Holloway.

On my last visit, Susan was close to tears. Still in her letters and in the half an hour or so we're allowed, she tries to disguise her feelings perhaps to shield herself from the full extent of her depression.

After dark, she says, the nightmares are coming back and she doesn't know what to do. She smokes another cigarette. She reads a lot, she writes down her feelings in a small diary and she has her poetry. "...A hand she hopes will guide her/ through the nightmare of the past/ go to sleep now darling, the nightmare will not last./She wants so much to believe them/ and God knows she will try/if someone could just give her/a reason as to why."

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A nice little win

SWAPO looked like getting 80 per cent of Namibia's election vote. Now it will be lucky to get a two-thirds majority, says R W Johnson

Sitting in the lecture theatre at the University of Namibia, Windhoek, listening to Hage Geingob, director of SWAPO's election campaign, it was difficult not to be struck by the immense problem of turning a liberation movement into a political party. Geingob—a charming, huggy-bear of a man in his forties—told his admiring student audience of how he had slipped over the border to Botswana in 1962, whence he had, after many adventures, proceeded to an American high school and Emory University, Georgia. After seven years of study combined with being a SWAPO petitioner at the UN, Geingob had spent the next 20 years in peripatetic exile.

One result of this was that although he spoke feelingly about the terrible poverty and degradation of the black township outside Namibia's second-largest town, Swakopmund, he embarrassingly failed to remember its name (Mondisa), and when he spoke of raising taxes on Namibia's great mining companies he had to cast around to remember the name of Consolidated Diamond Mines, even though this is the goose that lays a large share of Namibia's golden eggs.

It was painfully obvious that Geingob is, in many instances, discovering his own country for the first time as he moves round it campaigning for November's crucial election. One begins to get a glimmer of why SWAPO has been so repeatedly wrong-footed in the early weeks of this campaign and, much against earlier expectations, has been thrown rather on to the defensive.

That this is so has not really been Geingob's fault. Nothing he has done before has much prepared him for the role of party organiser in a competitive, multi-party election—and at the last count Namibia had 56 parties. In one sense, at least, SWAPO had it far easier in all the years of exile when it was recognised by the UN and its affiliates as the "sole legitimate representative of the Namibian people". Geingob, like Theo-Ben Guirirab, SWAPO's probable foreign minister, owes his leading status in the movement to his role in that crucial diplomatic achievement. But Geingob has seen the rougher side of life too. He was in the next camp to Kassinga (Angola) when the South African army (the SADF) raided the SWAPO camp there in 1978, inflicting some 600 casualties. He knew he was lucky to be alive, particularly after he walked round Kassinga the next day and saw pregnant women with their stomachs ripped open by bayonets, half-formed babies hanging out, and children with skulls smashed in with rifle butts.

A sort of terrible, low moaning escaped from his audience as Geingob described this scene and I couldn't help glancing with a certain anxiety at the several tough-looking Afrikaners (pretty certainly plain clothes police) scattered among the crowd. But the students were the soul of tolerance, despite the fact that so many of them wore peaked khaki caps, a conscious emulation of the freedom fighter uniform worn by SWAPO's military wing, PLAN (People's Liberation Army of Namibia). Kassinga and countless similar atrocities (burying people alive being a particular recent favourite) are responsible for this high fashion. For whatever mistakes SWAPO makes, it enjoys a military mystique that cannot really be dented. As a young SWAPO activist explained to me: "To be SWAPO and wear a khaki cap means 'I can kill a Boer'." In the end—and despite all the talk of reconciliation on all sides—this might still be the most powerful element in November's election.

One activist explained: "To be SWAPO and wear a khaki cap means 'I can kill a Boer'"

But SWAPO is in some trouble. A few months ago its talk of getting 80-90 per cent of the vote (and thus being able to draft a constitution on its own, a two-thirds majority being required) was widely regarded as realistic. But then came the 1 April incursion of PLAN fighters from Angola, breaking all SWAPO's agreements. It now emerges that South African intelligence was fully aware of the SWAPO build-up on the Angolan border but could hardly believe that SWAPO would be so stupid as to send several hundred of its fighters to their certain death—which is just what happened.

The incursion threw a deep shadow of distrust over the SWAPO leadership, both as regards their democratic intentions, and their apparent disregard for the lives of their own men, but how much real electoral damage SWAPO has suffered as a result is a moot point. Some harm has been done—there has been a general rise in cynicism about SWAPO even among its sympathisers (with some defections) and even some SWAPO activists complained privately to me that they wanted whoever gave the order for the incursion to identify himself and explain his action.

It also meant, for a while at least, a simple loss of momentum—at election rallies SWAPO speakers either refer to the incursion as "a mistake" or alternatively try to avoid mentioning it at all.

In the end Namibia's other parties will probably squeeze into just five blocs—the ACN (right-wing whites), the Black Consciousness NNF (mainly coloureds and Namas), the UDF (coloureds, Damaras) the NPF (some whites and Hereros) and the DTA (moderate liberals). The DTA won 80 per cent of the vote in the last elections in 1978 (boycotted by SWAPO), but suffers the immense handicap of having agreed, albeit under bitter protest, to rule Namibia under the apartheid framework Pretoria insisted on.

Since the elections for the Constitutional Assembly's 72 seats are being fought on a national proportional representation basis without constituencies, 1.4 per cent of the vote will be enough to win a seat. Namibia is the size of western Europe but its population is guessed at variously as only between 1.2 and 1.6 million. UNTAG, the United Nations monitoring force, which is here in strength, is expecting to register about 700,000 voters, but even if one assumes a 90 per cent poll, this would still mean that under 9,000 votes will win a seat—a low enough number to suggest that local notables will count for a good deal and that probably all five party alliances will win seats. It seems more than likely that SWAPO's confident boast that it will win well over two thirds of the seats (and thus be able to write its own constitution single handed) does not take enough account of such gritty little facts of electoral arithmetic.

The campaign to date has been dominated by a series of issues relating to the return of refugees. When in exile SWAPO put the number of refugees in its camps at more than 80,000 (figures of up to 100,000 were sometimes cited)—and got humanitarian aid from the UN and the Swedes on that basis. When, however, the UN High Commission for Refugees sought confirmation of these figures with a view to airlifting the refugees back for the election, the Angolan government came up with the embarrassingly lower figure of 69,000. The UNHCR then did its own register and came up with the still lower figure of 41,000 Namibian refugees worldwide, of whom only some 35,000 were in Angola. One implication of this is that SWAPO has for years been milking refugee aid funds on the basis of grossly inflated figures. There is also the question of what has happened to all those refugees—by the end of July only 29,000 of the 41,000 total had come back, with most of the remainder apparently still in Angola.

Suspicion deepened when 153 of the returning refugees announced their defection from SWAPO after their experience of detention and torture in SWAPO camps in Angola, with a number of them displaying to the press the hideous marks left on their bodies by their tormentors. This news confirmed long-held fears among SWAPO's western sympathisers who had pressed SWAPO in vain for guaran-

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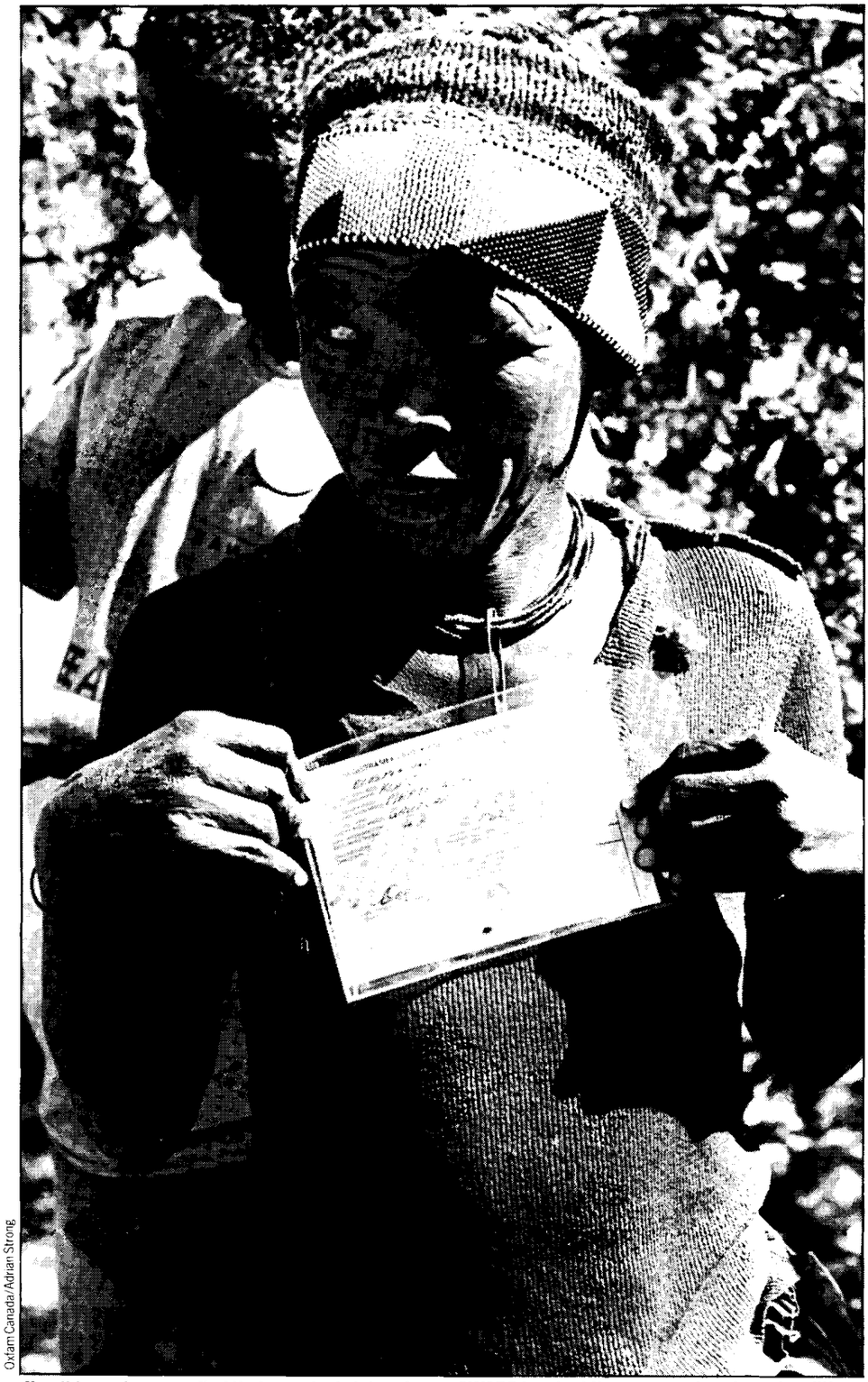

Oxfam Canada/Adrian Strong

Namibian voters may find that a modest victory forces SWAPO to adopt the compromise style of politics their country badly needs

tees about the treatment of those it detained as possible traitors. SWAPO leaders still insist they were right to refuse Amnesty or the Red Cross access to the detainees and to reject calls for proper trials with legal representation for the accused, such things being inappropriate in wartime. Their line now is to admit that the detainees were tortured, to say that bad things happen in all wars, that probably quite a few of them were traitors and got what was coming to them, and please would everyone stop talking about this issue and concentrate instead on the many Namibians whom the South Africans have simply "disappeared".

Within Namibia there is continuous, awe-struck speculation that SWAPO has simply killed off thousands of its own dissidents, or that they are still being detained in conditions no one likes to dwell on for long. When I questioned Theo-Ben Guirirab about the issue he simply denied that there were any more SWAPO camps in Angola and said that those who believed otherwise should approach the Angolan government about the matter. To date all such approaches have proved fruitless, perhaps in part because the Angolan government enjoys only partial control over, let alone information about, its immense and war-torn territory. This leaves SWAPO in the somewhat extraordinary position of having insisted on the existence of far more refugees than the UNHCR censused a few months ago—and now not being able to produce even the number the UNHCR counted.

There is a final, ironic twist to the refugee issue. Naturally eager that its refugees—many of whom have been outside Namibia for decades—should be able to vote for it, SWAPO raised no objection when liberal franchise regulations were announced: anyone could vote who had a parent born in Namibia, had been born there themselves, or just lived there for four years. It now turns out, however, that this will enfranchise up to 100,000 South African whites and busloads of these whites are now trundling over the border to register. SWAPO has demanded that the UN Security Council intervene to stop this and human rights lawyers sympathetic to SWAPO have come forward to argue that this is one case where "some people have rights that they shouldn't", with a new doctrine announced, that the right to vote should depend on having a future stake in the country.

The sight of lawyers attempting to argue that the franchise should depend not just on one's intentions and interests, but on what they might be in the future, is not something witnessed every day. This contortion is caused by the need to hide the real objection which is, of course, that these bussed-in whites will presumably vote against SWAPO. But it's a secret ballot, so no one has any business making such presumptions, which are illegitimately political anyway. This is simply a case that SWAPO has lost, though it seems doubtful if the number of South African whites prepared to travel long distances to register and again to vote will be large enough to make much difference.

Whatever mistakes SWAPO makes, it enjoys a military mystique that cannot really be dented

UNTAG clearly arrived psychologically ready to stop South Africa from election cheating or worse. Indeed, some sections of UNTAG seem to have come prepared for a full-scale war. The Kenyan Army contingent arrived with a million rounds of ammunition, 250,000 hand grenades and a battery of heat-seeking missiles (none of which were declared in customs)—thus giving them the ability to exterminate the entire population of Namibia. UNTAG now finds it does not need arms at all, that the South Africans seem to be playing the game and, as one Bangladeshi put it to me, that "we were misinformed about this country—it's a really nice place". When Sam

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Nujoma told the Organisation of African Unity that South Africa was "interfering massively" in the elections which were being held "at gunpoint", Perez De Cuellar explained his dismissal of such views with the rather pointed statement that: "There is a small difference in that I have been in the country and Nujoma has not been for several years." In fact, UNTAG has so little to do that there is even talk of cutting back its numbers.

The only question that really counts is whether SWAPO will win two thirds of the vote in November. Already some of its leaders have been incautious enough to say that in that case SWAPO will feel free to get rid of the "foreign" principles it agreed to in 1982, viz, a commitment to a bill of rights, a multi-party democracy with proportional representation, and an independent judiciary. Quite visibly, the SWAPO leadership yearns to set up the standard African one-party state and the party's manifesto already demands that the present judges will have to be sacked and an "ideologically responsive" judiciary installed. SWAPO is being encouraged in such directions by the Front Line States whose mission in Windhoek was described to me by one angry Western diplomat as "more SWAPO than SWAPO". The FLSs—mainly undemocratic one party states themselves— see as their duty to deliver an overwhelming SWAPO victory and will denounce any other result as a foul. Pre-emptively, Nujoma has already been saying that it is impossible for the elections to be free and fair—which means that SWAPO is worried that it will not get two thirds of the vote (the DTA dreams of SWAPO getting only 40 per cent). As of now SWAPO looks set to score somewhere in the 50-60 per cent range; not terribly good for "the sole authentic representatives of the Namibian people" but enough to call most of the shots anyway. Crucially, though, this would mean SWAPO would have to make compromises, deals and coalitions—a style of politics that this battered but beautiful country badly needs.

No one should grudge SWAPO its probable victory—it has struggled long, hard and painfully for it. If, however, SWAPO wins over two thirds of the vote, large numbers of whites will emigrate, the economy will dive, and the chance of having another election as free and fair as the 1989 one will be slight. Apart from the damage to Namibia, this would also be something of a disaster for hopes of a negotiated settlement in South Africa: a democratic multi-party Namibia which respects minorities and human rights would be an attractive and influential model for South Africans of all colours. For the sake of the liberation of South Africa it would be as well, in other words, if the forces of liberation in Namibia could stage a nice little win, not an overwhelming triumph.

Understandably, the forces of liberation do not see it that way themselves, and SWAPO T-shirts are already a burgeoning sight among South African blacks. The fact that SWAPO began its election campaign with an overwhelming military defeat is already becoming less important than that wondrous military mystique. As every advertising person knows, some slogans don't travel but others do. And this is part of the world where the motion that "I can kill a Boer" travels particularly well. ●

Reproductive rights

The shift of the abortion battleground in America threatens to cut through political tradition and dominate state elections, says Sue Woodman

The meaning of life, and when life begins, has been much on the minds of North Americans this summer. In Tennessee, a judge has been agonising over the future of seven frozen embryos which, according to his ruling, will either be implanted into the mother, as she hopes, or destroyed as their father wishes. The judge knows that implicit in his decision are many issues key to the abortion debate: at what point does human life begin? Who has the right to decide the future of the foetus—the woman or the outside arbiter?

The Canadian supreme court decided last week that, north of the border, the decision rests with the woman. In the highly publicised case of Chantal Daigle, the court refused Daigle's boyfriend the right to prevent her terminating her 22-week pregnancy. As well as upholding the woman's right to choose, the court, which struck down Canada's only existing abortion laws in 1988, was effectively restating its decision to keep out of this particular ethical maelstrom.

The US Supreme Court had not had the luxury of such an option. Heavily mired in the abortion debate since 1973, when it made reproductive freedom a right protected under the constitution in Roe v Wade, the court was called again this summer to rule on the subject.

On 3 July, as hundreds of pro- and anti-abortion demonstrators thronged the courthouse steps, the US chief justices said that in the case of Webster v Reproductive Health Services, it was handing the power to affect a woman's freedom of choice back to state legislators, by giving America's 50 states the right to limit the availability of abortion in their own boundaries.

It was the first of several rulings expected in the next few months to limit severely women's access to legal abortions, and its impact was immense. By taking the first real bite out of Roe v Wade it was the move the pro-choice activists had been dreading ever since President Reagan appointed his first conservative justice, Sandra Day O'Connor, to the Supreme Court back in 1981. It was also the move that guaranteed that abortion would dominate the political agenda well into the next decade. Overnight, it seemed, reproductive rights had become one of America's major political issues—explosive and divisive.

"From now on, there will never again be a politician running for office in this country who will not have to declare where they stand on the abortion issue," predicts Tamar Abrams, communications director for the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL). "Elections may well be won or lost over this issue. America's political landscape will never be the same again."

The tremendous surge of recent activity surrounding the abortion issue is curious for the fact that supporters on either side insist it is an issue with no middle ground—especially since the pro-life lobby has shifted its main line of attack away from women's rights and on to the "Life begins at conception" argument. Indeed, as one veteran news analyst remarked while chairing a recent debate on the subject, abortion is the one topic over which people's attitudes remain the least pliable, the least open to debate of any that he has monitored in more than 20 years.

Nevertheless, although national opinion polls show that the majority of Americans—anything between 59 and 77 per cent, depending on how pollsters phrase their questions—remain firm in their support for a woman's right to choose, the emotional climate has undoubtedly changed since the early seventies. Most troubling, say the pollsters, is the notion of "abortion on demand": with some 1.6 million abortions performed annually in the US, 40 per cent of them to women who have already undergone at least one already, many Americans have admitted to a certain queasiness with the idea of unlimited access. However, since Webster dramatically highlighted the vulnerability of Roe v Wade, there have been signs of a rising backlash against the anti-abortion lobby. Faced with the possibility of returning to the backstreet practices of the days before Roe v Wade, indications are that a record number of Americans are now determined not to have abortion rights taken away.

It is this imminent possibility that has finally put some fire into the embattled pro-choice movement. For years now, since long before

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the Webster decision, activists have been trying to convey the sense of threat to a disunited, somewhat complacent, group of one-time activists. Now the group is finally convinced. Last April's pro-choice march on Washington, over 300,000 strong, was the first, heady sign of a revitalised pro-abortion feminist movement. In recent weeks, pro-choice organisations report a flood of new members, increased donations and a pervasive sense of solidarity and fighting spirit. Most notable, they say, are the droves of teenagers and college students who are coming forward. They are being dubbed the movement's "Third Wave", and provide a much-heralded link between the generation of women who fought for it all, and the generation who, throughout the Reagan eighties, seemed to have inherited it all, and so saw no need in fighting.

Recently, some of the best-known members of the American feminists' old guard, including author Betty Friedan and political activist Ronnie Eldrige, stepped back into the spotlight to appear, along with their daughters, at a series of public debates in which they spoke of their early battles for abortion rights, their own illegal abortions, and their fears of seeing those days return. Their daughters paid tribute to their mothers' experiences. "I have spent the past 20 years avoiding appearing in public with my mother," said the daughter of Betty Friedan. "But this is too important to keep out of."

But despite a certain headiness among these newly energised pro-choice activists, many admit they are deeply frustrated at having to return to the site of old battles, long ago settled.

"We thought this fight had been won. I guess we were too anxious to move on to the other important issues of women's lives—childcare, peace, the environment," says one activist.

And now they feel, resentfully, that they are being made to pay. The cumulative effects of three pro-life administrations, with their three new pro-life appointees to the country's highest court, have started an apparently unstoppable chain of events. With three more cases scheduled to come up before the Supreme Court in the autumn, the overturning of Roe v Wade is virtually assured before the end of the next court session. What is more, President Bush has made it clear that he would like to go even further: as well as the demise of Roe v Wade, he would also support a Human Life Amendment to the Constitution that would ban abortions by giving equal rights to the foetus.

And the anti-abortion activity emanating from on high is only a reflection of action taken at a more fundamental level—action in lending long-term support to pro-life politicians, including the last two presidents, who were then able to stack the court in their favour. It has been a strategy of dogged perseverance. "We have been hammering away at this issue for the past 16 years, and we intend to continue plodding along exactly as we have been doing," says the National Right to Life Committee's (NRLC) director of media relations, Nancy Myers.

"The pro-lifers voted single issue on abortion when very few others did," acknowledges NARAL's Abrams. "Single-issue lobbying is a very powerful tool."

This powerful, relentless march forward by the pro-life movement has been one of the political phenomena of the eighties. From being seen early on as something of a radical fringe, principally made up of fundamentalist religious extremists, today's Right to Life movement has grown into a dynamic, aggressive mainstream force that has managed to push the pro-choice movement into a position of defensiveness—even while the Roe v Wade remains legal. It has learned the media lessons of the decade well, and replaced its ranting, middle-aged leaders with articulate young women speakers, many of whom claim to have been converted to the cause by the spectres of their own misguided abortions.

"We're a new generation of people involved in this movement now, a wide cross-section of the American public who simply believe that killing our unborn children is not the best we can do in this society," Myers says.

And what of the extremists of the movement, the anonymous criminals who over the past decade have bombed 32 clinics, set fire to 38, issued death threats to 60 clinic workers and harassed women seeking abortions at almost 200 clinics around the country? Operation Rescue, the most aggressive protest group, pickets "abortuaries" regularly, screaming abuse at patients walking in and out and displaying placards of bloody foetuses. Myers insists mainstream organisations like the NRLC are not involved with such activities, and have no idea who the real extremists are. "It could be the other side, for all we know," she says.

Some analysts believe that one reason for such anti-abortion extremism is that Roe v Wade, by removing the abortion decision from the body politic and giving it up to the court, rendered opponents powerless. Some critics say that, regardless of personal beliefs, the decision should never have been taken away from state legislatures in the first place. But, with women making up just 5 per cent of all Congress members and fewer than 20 per cent of all state legislators, pro-choicers say they have been better off relying on the courts to uphold their rights.

Now, NARAL's Abrams believes, the movement has no choice but to mobilise for the shift back to the states. She says: "Politics is our arena now and we plan to hold every politician in the US to a new level of accountability."

That process has already started. Last week, in a run-off election for a state assembly seat in a highly Republican district in southern California, Trisha Hunter, the only pro-choice candidate on the ballot, beat the front-runner, who had been endorsed by the National Right to Life Committee. She did so with the support of Democrats who had crossed party lines in order to elect the pro-choice candidate.

With 36 state houses up for grabs next year, such strange new alliances promise to be widespread. Political analysts predict many will become single-issue elections. Right now, only nine of these states seem certain to protect existing abortion rights; at least 19 others seem certain to curtail them. As summer draws to a close, the political climate is rising, and with the resumption of the Supreme Court in October, and the many state and governor's elections scheduled the following month, abortion activists on both sides of the line are bracing themselves for a long and heated battle. ●

Beverley Levy

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Postwar plans

Labour's review on disarmament is outdated, looking back to a postwar consensus

Joan Ruddock

I have yet to hear or read any thoroughgoing appreciation of Labour's policy review document on defence. Strong praise for actual extracts, yes; rosy descriptions of commitments not actually found in the text, yes; vigorous attacks on those who oppose it; but no real celebration of its virtues.

The truth is few feel convinced or comfortable with the *detail* of its disarmament strategy and probably most who will vote for it at party conferences would have preferred to amend it in some way.

Last week's London County Council ballot was a case in point. Members were asked whether or not they "broadly supported" the changes in defence policy proposed in the review document. Three to one said yes, only to have their votes interpreted for them by the chair, Sue Goss: "Support for these changes does not imply acceptance of nuclear weapons." Her instincts about her members were probably correct and no more so than when she said that there was a wide consensus throughout the party, that nuclear weapons had no role in the defence of Britain and that they did not deter aggressors.

Yet the changes, if adopted, will in effect return the party policy to an acceptance of nuclear deterrence and a policy formulation that leaves nuclear weapons as an integral part of Britain's defence policy under a Labour government. Nowhere now are we offered the goal of a non-nuclear defence for Britain. Instead the policy review would commit us to the highly laudable though far less realisable aim of a nuclear-free world by the year 2000.

Those who favour the review's findings argue that this greater goal (which Gorbachev has made possible) requires a change of policy. Unilateralism they say is now redundant because multilateralism works. This simplistic notion fails to take account of both the long history of failure in multilateral talks and the crucial role of Soviet unilateralism in bringing about the sole bilateral deal (the INF) yet to remove nuclear weapons. Nonetheless, all hopes are pinned on START 2 (the Soviet-proposed second stage follow-on to the bilateral superpower talks on strategic weapon reductions). The United States is known to be opposed to the widening of these talks to include the other three major nuclear powers (China, France, UK). A Labour government prepared to renounce unilaterally its own strategic nuclear weapons could hardly hamper the potential of such talks. If START 2 were convened, Britain's actions in recalling Polaris and cancelling Trident would be counted in as reductions by the west. The Soviets would reciprocate and Britain would promptly enter into negotiations over verification. Hardly a negative contribution to a set of hypothetical talks that otherwise might never begin!

In justifying the need to negotiate over British weapons, the review exposes the contradictions in the argument for change. It says that if Labour had won the general election in 1987 "we would have cancelled the Trident programme as wasteful, unnecessary and provocative". Quite so—and even more so five years on. Yet the policy review proposes that Labour goes on building three out of four Trident submarines, presumably launches the completed one and takes delivery of its American missiles. To procede with Trident while negotiating is, of course, to concede a military role for British nuclear weapons and to accept implicitly, the concept of nuclear deterrence. Undoubtedly such change does not accord with the sentiments of most party members. Many will pretend it isn't there. They should read the official questions and answers briefing designed to help explain the new policy:

> **Q:** "Doesn't cancelling the fourth Trident submarine open a window of vulnerability in Britain's defences?"
>
> **A:** "Trident has a longer range than Polaris. It will therefore take less time to reach its patrol area... will need fewer refits and less time for maintenance."

More worrying for Labour is that 53 per cent of all people under 35 are potential Green supporters

I believe this is the most damaging aspect of the policy review, for it removes the sound philosophical basis for our foreign policy and disarmament role. Instead the review offers yesterday's answer—a return to the postwar consensus at the very time when it shows signs of breaking up almost everywhere else. Furthermore, the review significantly fails to deal with the problems of American nuclear bases in Britain and our history of Atlanticism.

Why has it been done? Surely not because of the new international climate and the breaking of the logjam in negotiations. Both could have been positively accommodated by constructive adjustments to existing policy. Surely not because Gorbachev doesn't understand unilateralism, when it has been his most effective tool in advancing his vision of a nuclear-free world.

Electoralism is the real reason, something no serious politician can afford to ignore. The search for votes in the middle ground was deemed to require a high profile dumping of unilateralism and rubbishing of the peace movement.

Most political commentators expect this process to reach its climax at the party conference and they may yet be rewarded. But the electorate may prove less grateful. In the territory most coveted by Labour—the middle-class south of England—votes are moving to the Greens (two thirds of whom according to a recent poll *did* indeed know that they were voting for a disarmament programme more radical than Labour's existing one.) Even more worrying for Labour is the same poll's findings that 53 per cent of all people under 35 are current or potential Green supporters. Labour's eminently justifiable claim to be the party that can deliver environmentally sound policies in government will be much harder to sustain alongside a less than credible nuclear disarmament policy. Thus those who have argued that Labour could never be elected on the promise of a non-nuclear defence policy may yet have to think again.

It is the shifting of public opinion which allows many, like me, who have been deeply wounded by the manner in which the defence debate has been conducted, to approach the conference with rather more equanimity than was possible three months ago. We have no reason to give up our principles (please note unilateralism is not a principle; refusal to sanction the use of nuclear weapons is). And every reason to try to maximise the votes of resolutions which express these principles.

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Back to the future

Mid Wales is rushing boldly towards the 19th century. Nicholas Murray asks whether it has any other choice

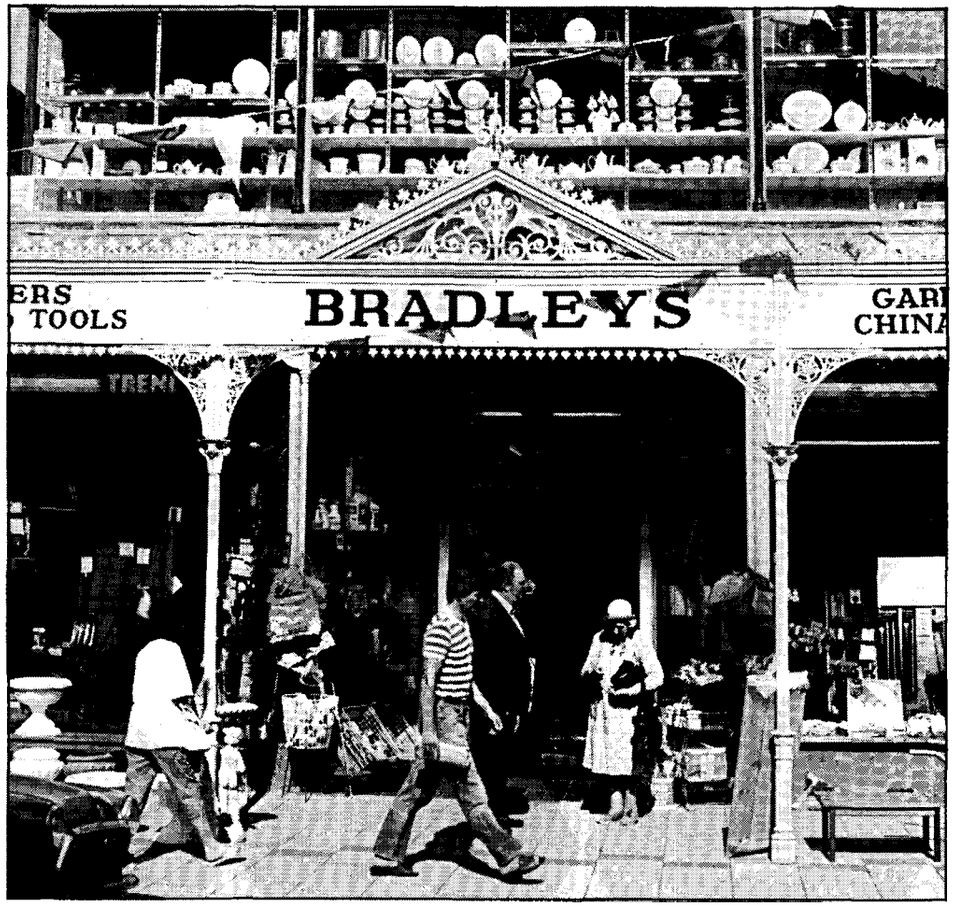
Today (18 August) the annual Victorian Festival gets underway in the former spa town of Llandrindod Wells in mid Wales. Its crowded programme of events includes Victorian melodrama, hog roasts, bat-watching sessions, tea dances and bee-keeping displays. There's a Gentlemen Smokers' Evening at the Conservative Club, a ceilidh at the British Legion and an evening of silent Charlie Chaplin films with orchestral accompaniment at the Albert Hall Theatre.

If you think that Charlie Chaplin wasn't an eminent Victorian, you plainly don't understand the Heritage Industry, that product of an indiscriminate liaison between enterprise culture and kitsch. To be fair, the organisers admit that an evening of Glenn Miller might be stretching definitions a bit far ("When there is music like this to be heard, who would quibble about the odd 50 years or so...?") but it is in the essence of the heritage business to play fast and loose with history. The Victorian Festival is no exception, with its cheeky anachronisms and comically selective idea of what life in the 19th century was like. The point is for everyone to have a good time and for the tourist trade to increase its turnover. And there are bigger and better things to come.

For there are ambitious plans in train to turn Llandrindod Wells, this rather gloomy Victorian health resort (a guest house in the middle of town seductively calls itself "Greylands"), into what the local consortium of Powys County Council, Radnorshire District Council, and Mid Wales Development is predicting will be "The Williamsburg of Wales".

A million pounds are to be poured into "Llandod" by the Wales Tourist Board, through its Local Enterprise and Development (LEAD) initiative, to turn the Victorian week into a permanent tourist attraction by a programme of "creative re-Victorianisation". The chief executives of the three agencies flew out to repro-18th-century "colonial" Williamsburg in Virginia, and returned pleased with what they saw. The job of project director of "The Great Victorian Experience" will shortly be advertised. The private sector is to add to the tourist board's £1 million investments that will result in total expenditure of more than £7.5 million. An estimated 274 jobs will be created by the Victorianisation scheme.

There is no doubting the enthusiasm of all concerned. The prospect of real money being injected into the local economy may well silence the doubts of those who feel the whole thing is,



Michael Guest

Land of our fathers: Llandrindod Wells aims to profit from history

well, just a bit naff. The only public criticism so far has been a grumpy remark from the chairman of Independent-controlled Powys County Council last September. Lt Col John Stephenson worried about the elderly image put out by the concentration on Victorianism. "One thinks of Llandrindod as elderly people taking the waters and dressing up in antique clothes," he observed tartly. But his appears to have been a voice in the wilderness. Money has concentrated local minds wonderfully and silenced any dissent.

For the successful bidders in the LEAD initiative know what they are up to. They commissioned a report from planning consultants which showed that the gap in the market that Victorianisation could fill was in the increasingly significant short break holiday, aimed at the active retired. This and the 45-plus age group "represent major growth sectors". The consultants went on to lament the poor quality of tourist facilities in the "Heart of Wales" zone, and conceded delicately that the putative Victorian elegance of the spa town was "somewhat faded".

From an architectural point of view, it has to be said that there are more attractive products of the Victorian period in Britain, and the relevant volume in *The Buildings of Wales* finds little to say about the townscape. But as with historical veracity, there's nothing a little bit of marketing can't put right. And the local councils are trying to impose standards in the central conservation area, advised by the Welsh School of Architecture which contributed to the consultants' report ("antiquated is the appropriate criterion for post-Victorian hardware").

Questions of personal taste aside, is there any reason to object to the Victorianisation of Llandrindod? Critics of similar schemes in the

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past have claimed that boosting the local economy through tourism may create jobs, but they are usually low-paid, casual and insecure. Turning Wales into a post-industrial theme park (pit museums are big business in the Welsh tourist trade) risks, say these critics, replacing the "real" jobs that have gone with low-grade unskilled work in the service industries. As always, it boils down to a question of alternatives.

At last month's Royal Welsh Show at nearby Builth Wells, there was much glum talk of the continued decline in agriculture. The economy of hill areas like Powys was balanced on a knife edge, said Huw Hughes, leader of the Farmers Union of Wales. He claimed that the rural economy was already showing signs of serious recession.

A recent report from the National Economic Development Council forecast that up to 90,000 full-time farmers and workers would be forced out of agriculture in the next ten years. This

"Farmers have to diversify into golf courses, discos in barns, and moto-cross events"

represents 26 per cent of the workforce on the land in Britain. Fewer young people in Wales are going to agricultural college, and farmers are having to diversify into golf courses, discos in barns, and moto-cross events. The pull of the tourist and leisure economy is growing stronger. Meanwhile, recent incomers, mostly older and comfortably off, boosted the population of Powys by 3.8 per cent between 1981 and 1988.

According to the Low Pay Unit, wages in Powys are now the lowest in Britain. It has the lowest gross domestic product and the highest number of dependants per worker. At the same time tourism is booming with Wales earning £1.15 billion in 1988—a 7 per cent increase—and the principality enjoying its best summer's business for ten years.

The industry now employs 95,000 people, 9 per cent of all employment in Wales. Coal mining in Wales now employs only 7,000 people. Wales Tourist Board predicts that this year's LEAD initiatives will create a further 2,000 jobs. But how many of those jobs are low-paid? What prospects do they offer? How many are seasonal, or part-time? The handouts, understandably, don't say.

Optimists, like Powys County Council chief executive Michael Greenwood, point out that demography may come to the aid of the young whose numbers are drying up. In consequence they may be able to exploit market forces to command higher wages in the tourist economy. His authority is currently trying to win aid from the European Social Fund to help run training courses in hotel and catering, so that the industry's notorious dependence on casual labour might be replaced by a proper career structure. As he sees it, Powys must either expand or die. He and his colleague Geoffrey Read at Radnorshire District Council are taking care to foster the local industrial sector. Only tourism, however, shows signs of real growth in rural Wales for the foreseeable future.

Welfare Watch

No comment

Tony Lynes uncovers a new squeeze on part-time work

The means-testing of unemployment benefit comes a big step nearer with the submission to the social security advisory committee (SSAC) of draft regulations removing the right to benefit for any week in which a person earns more than £43 (the level at which national insurance contributions start). Unemployment benefit is and always has been calculated on a daily basis: if you work for one day, you are still entitled to five-sixths of a week's benefit, worth £28.92 for a single person or £46.75 if you have a non-earning spouse. In future, one or two days' work earning more than £43 will result in loss of a full week's benefit.

In an extreme case, earning an extra £1 will cost £46.75 in lost benefit. But such cases may be rare. Employers, who already have an incentive to keep part-timers' earnings below £43, will soon discover that it is in their employees' interests too. The only excuse for this latest erosion of the rights earned by insurance contributions is that the same regulations introduce a minor easement of the notorious "full extent normal" rule. This rule was originally intended to prevent people from concentrating a full week's work into three or four days and claiming benefit for the rest of the week, but its purpose has been distorted by commissioners' decisions over the years. It can now disqualify someone who does one or two hours' work each week.

Now, anyone deliberately working less than a full week in the hope of qualifying for benefit would fall foul of the stringent test of availability that claimants have to pass. The "full extent normal" rule is therefore unnecessary and should be abolished. All that is now proposed, however, is that it should not operate where weekly earnings are less than £12, which still means that a regular half-day-a-week job will result in total loss of benefit entitlement.

The law requires the government to consult SSAC before making these regulations, and SSAC has as usual invited comments from interested organisations and individuals. The timetable of this consultation exercise is as disgraceful as the regulations themselves. Eight months have been allowed to elapse since the announcement of the changes. Now that the regulations are available, SSAC—presumably under orders from the DSS—has allowed precisely four weeks for those interested to obtain them and submit their comments by 4 September.

Four weeks would be an unreasonably short period at any time. To allow four weeks in August is not genuine consultation at all. But, of course, the government does not want to know what SSAC, or anything else, thinks of these regulations. They will be made regardless of criticism. By the time parliament debates them in the autumn, they will probably have been in force for a month or more.

Criminal justice

Remote control

Jolyon Jenkins is alarmed by the electronic tag

By the time this is published, someone in Nottingham will have achieved brief fame by being the first person to be remanded on bail with an electronic "tag" attached to their leg. If they stray more than 100 feet from their home, an alarm signal is sent down the phone line to a remote monitoring station. The Nottingham project is the first of three, to assess whether tagging can be used as a non-custodial sentence available to magistrates. The other two projects will be at North Tyneside and Tower Bridge.

These days Home Office-sponsored research which might have an outcome on policy is a rare luxury. Even so, politics and the personal ambition of John Patten are forcing the pace of change. Tagging first appeared on the political agenda in April 1987. The Commons Home Affairs Select Committee, some of whose members were fired with enthusiasm for what they had heard happened in America (they hadn't actually *visited* the States) suggested that some experiments here would be a good idea. Douglas Hurd and John Patten took up the idea, and Hurd announced the tagging experiment at the Conservative Party Conference last autumn. This was too late for it to be included in the 1989-90 Home Office budget. As a result, £580,000 has had to be found from contingency funds and by slicing it from other budgets. Not surprisingly, this has caused some resentment among people whose budgets have been cut in order to serve what they see as political reasons, and the ambitions of civil servants in the C2 branch of Criminal Justice Department.

The value of the experiment is questionable. One of its aims is to decide whether tagging could be used on *convicted* criminals, and it's doubtful whether experimenting with people on remand can tell you that. There are also technical difficulties, partly a result of the speed with which everything has happened. (In June the Research and Planning Unit's annual bulletin described the research project as still "under consideration".) The RPU, the Statistical Department and the Scientific Research and Development Branch are all understood to be using different and mutually incompatible methods of coding their data. The budget only

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allows for 50 people to be tagged at each magistrates' court, but even if that number is achieved it will be too small a sample to do any very useful research. (If it is not achieved, there is a separate budget to continue the experiment for another six months.)

There is a widespread belief in the Home Office that Marconi (which won the Nottingham and North Tyneside contracts) and Chubb (which has the Tower Bridge contract) are making very little if any money on the deal, seeing it instead as a loss leader for a potentially lucrative future market. Judging by the American experience, the market could expand very rapidly. The number of people tagged has increased nearly tenfold in two years; more than 7,000 people are now on such schemes. In about 80 per cent of cases people sentenced to tagging contribute toward the costs of their sentence: between $3 and $10 a day.

Here, neither professionals nor public quite know what to make of the subject: mythologies have grown up and false claims have been made, both for and against tagging. Is it a soft option for criminals or an unacceptable form of state surveillance? The National Association of Probation Officers has two seemingly contradictory fears: that tagging will only be used against people who would have got bail anyway, (such as those who have committed, say, motoring offences); and that "young black defendants will ultimately be disproportionately represented on the schemes."

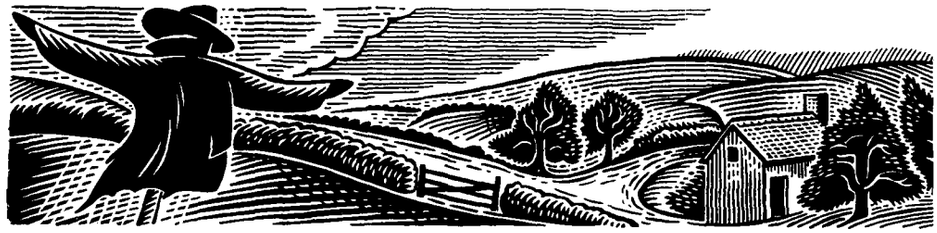
"Judging by the American experience, the market could expand very rapidly"

The American experience, for what it's worth, is that all types of offenders get tagged. For example, 15 per cent of all tag-ees have been convicted of drug offences, and 4 per cent of sex offences. Judges and sheriffs have also used tagging for people who they think will be in danger in prison, such as child sex abusers and people with Aids. Tagging hasn't caused a significant reduction in the prison population, but that is partly because these are still early days.

According to Robert Thomas, vice president of Correction Services Inc. of Florida, which distributes Marconi's equipment in the US, "You not only have to help the offender through his house arrest programme—you have to get him over the problem that led to his crime." That means that courts sometimes put someone on probation with, say, an alcohol ban as a condition. The technology soon catches up: Mitsubishi and Guardian Interlock market a device that breathalyses the offender down the phone. Mitsubishi also have a system, now used in 24 schemes, that takes pictures of the offender at random intervals and transmits them down the line to the monitoring station.

Already, people here are looking at ways of extending tagging outside the criminal justice system. According to a recent report in *Nursing Times*, officials in Humberside are considering tagging confused elderly residents of nursing homes to prevent them straying.

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward revels in his bus pass

The moment I got this certificate from the DSS I was down the lane to the bus stop, paying 75p for my trip to the nearest town and only 38p for the journey back. At the district council offices, despite the NALGO strike, I was instantly issued with my pensioner's bus pass, available not only on the Eastern Counties buses, but on those of half a dozen small private operators whose very names are a litany of the local history of country buses: Partridges, Beestons, Norfolks, Rule's and Chambers.

It's important to me, and much more important for many other people of my age, that while last week it cost me £3 to go the 12 miles to Ipswich and back it now costs half that. On Tuesdays and Fridays I can go 12 miles in the other direction, to Colchester, and back on Mr Rule's bus for a mere 80p.

I am, of course, subsidised by the county and district councils and I am naturally curious as to how the system works. Do the drivers of these very small firms tick on their journey-sheets the number of half fares taken, or does the county work on demographic assumptions?

Rural bus services present enormous problems for a society in which the decline of public transport obliges employed people of working age to be motorists whether they like it or not. Over the past 12 years I've watched a steady decline in the major services, coupled with huge price increases. Eastern Counties first cut our Sunday service altogether (imagine the effect of that for a family visiting its breadwinner and driver in hospital), and then it proposed to cut out the late night (ie, 9.45pm) bus. This brought a spirited protest from the then mayor of Hadleigh, Chris Culpin, on behalf of people attending evening classes in Ipswich. As a result the county council paid Eastern Counties to keep the service going.

The intolerable dilemma this creates in practice is illustrated by the fact that on odd occasions when I have used this service, I have found myself alone with the driver on a double-decker bus. But the county has not surrendered to the logic of the market. This service, and another two hours earlier, have been contracted to Norfolk and Sons of Nayland, a firm in operation as common carriers for 150 years.

Several solutions have been tried. One is the community minibus with volunteer drivers. This was encouraged by the Transport Acts of 1980 and 1985, and the Rural Transport Development Fund. Now it is under threat from the proposed European Commission "second test" for minibus drivers, and the 100 per cent Vehicle Excise Duty increase for minibus owners in this year's budget. A second solution is the shared taxi system taken for granted in third world countries. A third solution comes from the sensible Swiss. Just as in the last century they developed a Democratic Railway Movement, so in this one they have a Post-Bus system. Swiss rural buses meander through the villages but they do provide personal mobility in the most remote areas. The Swiss take it for granted that passengers should be subsidised by the profit on the post.

My bus pass is my second transport liberation. The first was five years ago when British Rail, ahead of any other national institution, abolished sex discrimination by issuing Senior Citizen's Rail Cards at 60 to both sexes. That November BR had an incredible go-anywhere-and-back for £2 offer for the oldies.

The results were electric. We filled every train, bringing our flasks and sandwiches and gossiping about the best route from Bristol to Inverness. It was a one-off bonanza, of course. Not only have later special offers been less attractive, but a whole series of restrictions on discounted fares has ensured that the most popular journeys and times are out of reach. For BR has been instructed by the government to fill those trains with full-fare passengers.

But remember that bold transport experiment, the late GLC's Fares Fair policy, ruled illegal by the High Court. Had it continued, accompanied by a concomitant programme of capital investment, London would have escaped its current road traffic crisis.

Go to most cities in France, Germany or Italy, and plenty of rural places too, and you find vast programmes of investment in trains, trams and buses. Sterile argument about whether ownership itself should be public or private are absent, since a policy of supporting cheap, frequent and reliable public transport pays huge social dividends.

Every marginal motorist lured on to public transport and every load of freight lured back on to the railway is a small reduction in the incredible cost of road-building and maintenance, in accidents, in misery and suffering. Every attempt to provide personal mobility to the old, the young, the housebound and the poor is a gesture towards social justice.

This is why, in issuing me with a bus pass, my county and district councils are striking a blow for civilisation.

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"The faster we go," by David Low, May 30 1941

Hitler's right-hand man

GÖRING: A BIOGRAPHY
David Irving
Macmillan £16.95

Norman Stone

Göring's bottom was a yard across as the crow flies, said an American diplomat. In many ways he was the most grotesque of the Nazi leaders, and when David Low wanted to make fun of Nazi racial policies, all that he needed to do was to caricature Goebbels, a near-dwarf, Göring, a mountain of flab, and Himmler, who was definitely very weedy, as specimens of the tall, blonde "Aryan" race.

Göring himself was not, by David Irving's account, very seriously concerned with anti-semitism, but that did not stop him from reigning as "second man in the Reich" and chief of the air force (and chief of this and chief of that) over a weird establishment that, to the very end of the war, was measuring Czech schoolchildren's feet to discover "Aryan" physical characteristics and generally messing up what was left of transport in order to go on transferring Jews from Budapest to Auschwitz.

Hermann Göring calls to mind a line of Czeslaw Milosz's: we know what miseries go into the making of thinness, but who knows what miseries make people immensely fat? For a regime that went on and on about physical fitness, Göring was a comical deputy-chief: a mountain of flab, devising ever more strange, flamboyant outfits for himself, smearing his vast shape in unguents and covering himself with jewellery. He was also addicted to morphine, and at important conferences was sometimes obviously drugged up to the eyeballs.

Yet this was Hitler's right-hand man, with vast responsibilities throughout the Third Reich. Göring's initial use to Hitler was to lend him respectability; the Nazis were, by and large, a party of lower class rowdies, and Göring had "contacts". His father had been a diplomat, both in South West Africa and, oddly enough, in Haiti, and there was a romantic castle in south western Germany in the family's possession. It was placed on the religious frontier, and thereby hangs a tale. The Nazis took most of their votes from Protestants, for reasons that are not entirely unrelated to the emotions that make for Ulster Unionism. However, the leaders of the Nazi Party were surprisingly often apostate Catholics, as was Hitler himself, as well as Goebbels and Himmler. I learn form David Irving's book that Göring's mother was Catholic; this at a time when, in Germany, Catholics counted very strongly as "outsiders". But the parents' marriage was not a success, and there was a *ménage à trois*, the *troisième* being a nobleman of Jewish origin, who was Göring's godfather. A similar religious "mix", though lower down the social scale, occurred in the case of Dr Josef Mengele.

In any event, Göring was quite well-connected, and he also had various gifts—in world war one he became an air-ace and was highly decorated. After the war, he drifted, looking for a role, and encountered Hitler, who captivated him. No one nowadays really understands what Hitler's magic was, but it certainly existed, to the point where, even in the very last stages of world war two, he could prevent people from seeing reality despite their own best efforts. He *was* the Nazi Party—its ideology, its organisation and even its finances, in that people would pay to hear him speak.

Göring was caught and, having social gifts of a Germanic kind, he could make the Nazis respectable. By 1933, he had become Prime Minister of Prussia and got the Gestapo going; then Hitler put him in charge of the air force; and in 1936 he was put in charge of the Four Year Plan, which was meant to militarise the German economy. In the war itself, Göring's responsibilities were vast, for he not only commanded the air force, but also operated a huge network of factories throughout Europe. Yet the man at the centre of all of this was almost a grotesque: lazy, self-indulgent, silly and cruel.

There *was* something to Göring, and it came out at the Nuremberg trials when, slimming down and cleaned out, he defended himself with vigour and rebutted some of the charges that had been wrongfully made against him. It also came out in matters of art, on which David Irving is rather good. Göring's taste was very sound, and when he collected pictures that had been abandoned by Jewish owners in France or Holland, he chose with some acumen.

I once met his art-expert, Bruno Lohse, who had been taken out of Luftwaffe service to work in Paris on the authentication of these pictures, and who spoke very highly of Göring's knowledge. He also volunteered to speak on Göring's behalf at Nuremberg. As a defence

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witness at those trials, you were liable to face prosecution yourself and, unlike witnesses for the prosecution, you were kept in much the same conditions in prison as the defendants. When Lohse came forward on Göring's behalf, Göring waved him away, and refused to accept the testimony.

In English, there is already a very good biography of Göring by Richard Overy (*The Iron Man*, Routledge 1984). Its great strength is that the author knows in great detail how the German economy worked, and in that Göring had an immense part—how great, I had not really appreciated until Overy's book came out. Irving's book is different. There is far, far more about the man himself, and Irving has an extraordinary talent for digging up otherwise obscure Nazi sources. I could do without some of his tabloid prose, but he does have a real knack of penetrating the "mind" of Nazism and, rather to my surprise, he has managed to write a book that complements Overy's very usefully. Of course, you are still left with the unavoidable but unanswerable question: how *did* this lot take charge of Germany?

Cases

A DOCTOR'S LIFE: THE DIARIES OF HUGH SELBOURNE M.D. 1960-63
David Selbourne
Jonathan Cape £12.95

David Widgery

1 August 1989
Saw 22 patients in morning surgery with another six "urgent extras". Received half bottle of Navy Rum from M S (a depressive whose husband is a violent alcoholic). Almost undrinkable. Attempted to listen to the Test Match on radio but the commentary is abysmal. The wretched B J is a self-parody, as is F T with his endless mantra of "line and length". Brought mint copy of *Manifesto of the Fourth International* published by the Strickland Press in Glasgow in 1944 (£2.50). Lunch: tuna fish sandwich (72p).
2 August
Visited J C (Poplar, oral thrush, quite severe), M R (Bow, CVA and HT) and J J (Limehouse, neurotic with chest infection). Poorly merited visits but had I needed to admit them probably no beds. The lunatics now propose to close the Mile End branch of the London Hospital as an acute centre. What tripe. Watched *News at Ten*. The world is in a dreadful state.
3 August
Patients rude. Traffic evil. Saw some Bangladeshis with "pain all over": largely unconvincing. Visit six-month-old baby with cough. Not surprising since all the adults chain smoke. A domestic culture of war videos, Special Brew and alsations. How the hell am I supposed to interest them in preventive medicine? Discussed immunisation rates with J R (colleague). He says that the true cervical screening rate in the 30-65 age group is 20 per cent in Tower Hamlets. And that idiot Clarke expects us to achieve 50 per cent before we are entitled to payment. Balderdash. But it might lose the Tories the next election with a bit of luck. Duck and rice for lunch (£3.90). Argue with partners about holiday locums (total £492.25).
4 August
Another dreadful surgery; appalling patients and stupid receptionists. Have decided the baby sitter is a child molester so fired her and called the police. Watched a Joris Ivens documentary on Republican Spain on TV: how much more forceful than so much "modern" crap. Bought Schreiner's *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, 1897 (£20), Rust's *History of the Daily Worker*, 1924 (£5), and Meier's (inferior) biography of William Morris. Tried to read Kathy Acker (always a tremendous solace) in the garden. But interrupted several times by patients' relatives and incompetent books editors.
5 August
Draft resignation letter to the Hackney Literary and Philosophical Society. Intellectual standards are deplorable: we've recently had to sit through Mike Rosen on education, Michael Neve on *Hamlet* and Sheila Rowbotham on forgotten feminists. Now the committee has decided to invite Dick Hebdige to talk on mohican haircuts. Unworthy of my time. Admit two Bangladeshis (A B and K U) with diabetes and angina. See Sunny Ade at the Hackney Empire. Go to stage door and invite the band back for sherries.
6 August
Discuss some cases with A L (colleague). Agree that there seems to be a new lumpen-proletariat emerging who specialise in mild hypochondria. This damned government doesn't just want the workers to be poor but to be stupid too. Nick Spurrier is offering a (soiled) copy of *The Truth about the Soviet Union* by the Webbs, signed presentation copy to "Comrade Hewlett Johnson". What a ghastly trio. Still only £20. Can't find my copy of Corley on Quaker enterprise in biscuits. Where the hell is the *Guardian*?
7 August
After exhausting surgeries go to the Performers' Festival at Hackney's fine Town Hall Square. Billy Bragg opens with a song about the Peasants Revolt and jokes with the passengers of the Walthamstow hopper. Seems a decent enough chap. The Frank Chickens's sustained critique of Japanese electronic authoritarianism lost on the audience. Japanese election results good news reflecting the continual force of the women's movement. Read *NSS:* what gutless twaddle it is nowdays. For dinner prawn curry from M & S (£2.80) and an apple from New Zealand (14p).
8 August
Re-read my diaries for 1968. Find I still owe N F (old friend) 15/6 for a beef vindaloo in Gerrard St. Worry about the children: they appear to prefer Kylie Minogue to Miles Davis.
9 August
Read *A Doctor's Life*, the diaries of Hugh Selbourne MD. Hard to see the point in reprinting this stuff: arrogant piffle most of it. All he talks about is "cases", purchases and what he's seen on TV. Suppose it's valid as Mancunian medico-social history but can't help feeling his son has gone to a lot of trouble for nothing. Apart from demonstrating the arrogance of doctors, don't see the damned point.

Praise Marx and pass the salt

RECLAIMING REALITY: A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY
Roy Bhaskar
Verso £8.95

Alan Ryan

Philosophers have always divided over the question of the practical usefulness of their subject; and by the same token they have always divided over the possibility of making themselves understood by the man in the street. Socrates seems to have hoped everyone might achieve a measure of enlightenment, and infuriated the citizens of Athens by roaming the streets asking nasty questions about the nature of truth, goodness and piety. Conversely, Plato's *Republic* is predicated on the assumption that most of us will remain resolutely unenlightened, but can be dragooned into an outward conformity with the truth by an elite of First Wranglers. In the 20th century, the majority of Anglophone philosophers have thought of their subject as having no practical implications at all, and over the past 40 years they have made it increasingly technical and increasingly incomprehensible to anyone other than their fellow professionals.

This must be a source of some grief to a radical like Roy Bhaskar, who is as committed as Plato to the view that bad philosophy breeds bad politics, who has lots of novel and exciting ideas about the nature of science, the problems of social science, the bearing of science on politics and the bearing of all these on the search for freedom, reason and equality, and yet finds himself stuck with a vocabulary and argumentative style which pretty well guarantee that most undergraduates, let alone most lay readers, will find it quite impossible to see what he is getting at and why it matters.

He subtitles this collection of nine essays on the philosophy of science and social science, "A critical introduction to contemporary philosophy". They are critical all right—old-fashioned empiricism, assorted forms of idealism, Richard Rorty's high-fashion pragmatism get a thorough going-over, along with liberal, labourist and Stalinist forms of politics. But they are neither introductory, nor are they in the least concerned to give the reader an accurate view of alternatives to Bhaskar's own views.

What they do, and very well too, is defend the arguments set out at length in his earlier books on *A Realist Theory of Science* and *The Possibility of Naturalism*. Science, on this view,

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makes sense only if scientists are trying to uncover permanent, non-human, underlying structures which reveal themselves in appropriate experiments. The two errors to avoid at all costs are the empiricist view that science records natural uniformities and the ultra-humanist view that science is simply a projection onto nature of explanatory stories we happen to find attractive.

The ulterior motive of this insistence lies in what it implies for social science. Here, too, the point of science is to uncover structures and to show how they cause societies to behave as they do. But these structures—the capital-labour relation is one that Bhaskar and all Marxists of this persuasion appeal to a good deal—are not permanent and non-human. They are kept going by us, and can be altered by us. Nonetheless, they have effects on us and cannot be altered just by our mere say-so.

Sceptics who doubt whether anything very definite follows from all this won't be much reassured. Bhaskar runs an exceedingly crude line about the ideological connections between individualism, liberalism and capitalism, matched by an equally crude insistence that sociological collectivism is Stalinist or labourist. Since Weber was an individualist, not much of a liberal and decidedly unenthusiastic about capitalism, while Durkheim was a collectivist, a liberal socialist and a devout believer in the sanctity of the individual, Bhaskar's claims aren't immediately persuasive.

Nor will sceptics be much reassured by the fact that the chief beneficiary of his view of the social sciences turns out to be Marxian economics, a science whose philosophical merits seem these days to weigh rather little when set against its practical uselessness to the would-be builders of socialism. For Bhaskar, the gap between his philosophical premises and his political allegiances is a bit of a disaster; for his readers, the moral is to enjoy the philosophy and take the rest with a large pinch of salt.

Here to stay

MOVING WORLDS: PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF 21 IMMIGRANTS TO EDINBURGH
Tim Edensor and Mij Kelly (editors)
Polygon (Edinburgh)
£7.75 paperback/£19.95 hardback

Nancee Oku Bright

Oral history refreshes the parts that textbook histories cannot reach. Like *son et lumière*, it quivers with life and demands more than a cursory look-in.

Moving Worlds is a collection of narratives by immigrants to Edinburgh. In it, the story-tellers relate the circumstances which surrounded their leaving home and their experiences once they arrived in Britain. The immigrants vary in age and background, and the tales they tell, rooted in the past, demonstrate the wisdom and humour of the characters who recount them.

It soon becomes clear that there is no representative view of the immigrant experience; the flavour of one story differs from the next. Sunil Chatterjee fled the disturbances in India after independence and arrived in England with £5.10s in his pocket. Now a successful businessman with two houses in Scotland, his first impression of his adopted country did not measure up to the tales he had been fed.

"My dream shattered the moment I got off the plane, you know... I found out that everything was just the same as you find in India—mugging, cheating, telling lies. I said, 'My goodness, it's supposed to be a heavenly place!'" Later when people said to him, "Why don't you go home?", he would respond, "No, I'm not going home. You sucked us dry for 300 years, now I'm going to stay here and suck you dry!"

The stories challenge some common misconceptions. Most immigrants, for instance, are not black. In fact, less than 40 per cent come from Asia, Africa or the West Indies. They also give us valuable history lessons: once Menachem Begin was cloaked in the respectability of office, it was easy to forget that he headed the terrorist Irgun Zuai Leumi which bombed a hotel in Jerusalem killing 91 people and later slaughtered every man, woman and child in Dir Yassin, an Arab village. Trevor Larmond, a university lecturer who left Jamaica as a boy, reminds us that he is here largely

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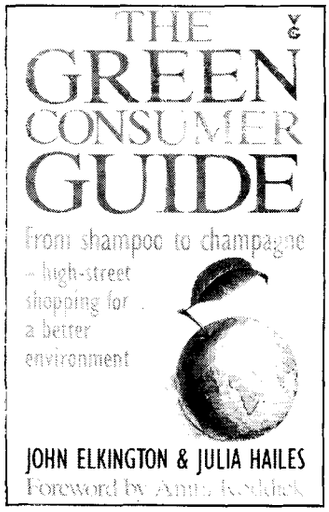

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because of British billboards which bellowed out to West Indians, "Your Mother Country Needs You".

The majority of these people do not retain a strong connection with their old homes and certainly do not envisage living outside of Scotland. For all practical purposes they are now Scottish.

The narratives convey a wealth of information about the respective cultures from which the story-tellers come. We are given an insight into marriage practices, family relations, superstitions, philosophies and other values and norms. Stereotypes about immigrants, we find, do not hold.

Oral history has always been subject to constraint and limitations since it relies on memory, which is by its nature selective. People have a way of reshaping the past into a form which best explains their present, and so the notion of truth is a relative one. The editors of this book have managed to verify the chronological facts recorded here. However, they regard selective memory as a strength since what the narrators chose to include and exclude reflects how they have come to terms with their lives.

The speakers guard against apathy. Yet they are quite clear in their admonitions—you don't have to like us, but you'd better get used to us because we are here to stay. Thatcher's band of babies might not like the sound of that song, but clearly the instruments on which *they* are playing are a bit out of tune.

Paperbacks

Young, gifted...and rich

Zoë Heller

With *Story of My Life* (Penguin £2.99), Jay McInerney, celebrated pundit of America's *jeunesse dorée*, returns to the drug-soaked, speed-read formula of his first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City*. His 20-year-old heroine and narrator is Alison, a poor little rich girl whose Manhattan high life is filled with nightclubbing, condomless promiscuity and waiting for daddy's overdue allowance cheques to arrive. "Yada, yada, yada," Alison drawls when she wants to signal predictability or tedium. And yada, yada, yada is rather how one feels about another slight tale of moneyed, Stateside dissolution. McInerney covers the over-familiar territory more entertainingly than most—largely because he mimics young American vernacular so well. But if Alison's snappy one-liners raise some smiles, they are not finally enough to keep the reader from wondering, "Where's the beef?"

Aside from some heavy drinking at Oxford, the youth of businessman and novelist Henry Green was an altogether tamer affair than Alison's. *Pack My Bag* (Oxford £5.95), the "self-portrait" he wrote in 1938 when impending war threatened to cut short his life, mentions no drugs and only the merest frissons of sex. But its account of a world war one childhood in a Tewkesbury manor house, an education at Eton and Oxford and a first job (chosen for reasons of class guilt) in a Birmingham factory, is no less fascinating for these omissions. Candid anecdotes from the past occasion thoughtful observations on war, education, money and "that overblown trumpet"—literature. Green's independent intellect and supple, unshowily experimental prose make these memoirs almost as enjoyable as his novels.

While Henry Green was being bullied on the playing fields of Eton, Elias Canetti, only ten years his junior, was being regaled with stories of wolves and vampires on a Turkish divan in Bulgaria. These stories were some of Canetti's first encounters with the power of words and in his rich, astonishing autobiography, *The Tongue Set Free* (Picador £4.99), the acquisition and mastery of language is a recurrent theme. Charting the intellectual and geographical journeys of his childhood, Canetti provides a wonderful gallimaufry of character and experience: Bulgarian gypsies, Mancunian schoolteachers, Viennese doctors, Swiss-German matrons—and his difficult mother—all jostle with each other in a book that is both a fine study of a developing mind and a brilliant portrait of early 20th century Europe.

A Brooke Shields poster in a Shenzen icecream parlour; the "Snow White Pastries Shop" in Rangoon; a "Studio 29" disco in Bombay: these are some of the many bizarre, east-west juxtapositions to be found in Pico Iyer's *Video Nights in Kathmandu* (Black Swan £4.99), an account of this young *Time* journalist's travels throughout Asia. Iyer examines how American pop culture has affected places like Bali, China, India and Burma, concluding that in spite of the Asia-wide passion for "straight-leg jeans" and the ubiquity of Rambomania, all these countries are too smart "to be turned by passing trade winds from the west". Iyer's analysis is not altogether convincing and his weakness for travelogue clichés and *Time*-style vulgarisms is occasionally wearying. (India is a land of "chaos and colour and commotion"; Sikh activists are referred to as "turban terrorists".) Still, the book is provocative—and a lively introduction for those planning a first-time trip to Asia.

Night in Tunisia (Hogarth £3.95), Neil Jordan's prize-winning collection of short stories, has been reissued along with his second novel, *The Dream of the Beast*. Both books make for unsettling reading. The novel—a grim tale of urban metamorphosis—prowls the precinct of the supernatural, blurring the boundaries of inner and outer reality in the same quietly terrifying way as many of Jordan's films. But it is the poetic realism of the short stories (the title story in particular) that shows Jordan's fictional talents to their best effect. Adolescent yearning, sexual treachery, familial strife, suicide and the slow agony of depression are the subjects here. (No great surprise then, that the book's favourite word is "bleak".) These vignettes of unhappy life often flirt with an overblown lyricism but, at their most disciplined and economical, they are very good indeed.

Discipline is sorely lacking in *Men Behaving Badly* (Penguin £4.99), Simon Nye's silly first novel about two young men in anxious pursuit of one young woman. Any interest one might have had in Dermot and Gary's friendship, or their competition for the divine Deborah is suffocated by a blanket of poor jokes, laboured verbal tricks and indulgent whimsy. These men aren't *really* behaving badly, you see. They're just two quirky, vulnerable guys looking for love. The question here is *not*, "Why are men such bastards?" but "What do women want?" Having been showered with cacti, cashmere and stolen jewellery, Deborah ends up wanting one of the likely lads. *Women with Poor Judgement* might have been a better title.

'Tell me, dear child, which particular horse did you put your skirt on?' (16.6.66)

One of three Osberts

OSBERT: A PORTRAIT OF OSBERT LANCASTER
Richard Boston
Collins £17.50

Christopher Driver

There have been three Osberts of note in this century, and I have read every word of all their autobiographies: in order of birth, Burdett, Sitwell and Lancaster. This boast is less idle than it seems. For one thing, the two younger Osberts were conscious of the competition, to the point that when Burdett died, Sitwell invited Lancaster (whom he had never met) to lunch, with a view to celebrating the reduction of Osberts to a manageable duo.

Again, a good soaking in Osberts goes some way to excuse the inadequacies of Richard Boston's account of his own. All three writers were hard to beat on their own lives, and Lancaster was the only obvious heir of Max Beerbohm as ironist, parodist and wit in prose and draughtsmanship together. A good theatrical producer of a man's self—and Osbert's character was early defined in his pram, a vehicle

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which he preferred to all other types of locomotion—defies but the very best biographers. It is even more awkward when the author hopes to remain the friend of the subject's widow (Anne Scott-James).

Apart from Boston's serendipity of finding himself the Lancasters' neighbour and tenant in Oxfordshire, certain traits shared between biographer and biographee can be discerned. Richard put the so-called "Proust questionnaire" to Osbert in 1981, five years before his death. For instance, "What faults do you find most forgivable?" "Idleness." "Your main fault?" "Procrastination." (Boston, moreover, could also borrow the answer returned by Lancaster's earlier, less amiable friend Evelyn Waugh to a Hertford hearty who once demanded to know what he did for the college: "I drink for it.")

In Lancaster's (and Betjeman's) Oxford day, a man o'pairts had to take either a First or an honourable Fourth (denoting preoccupations too absorbing for mere set books). Boston's book plods along in the second class with a satisfactory acquaintance with Osbert's books—though only a token glance at *Sailing to Byzantium*. Devout Lancastrians will expect and find copious elegant extracts and illustrations, from *Progress in Pelvis Bay* (1936) and *Drayneflete Revealed* (1949), to Maudie Littlehampton (an evergreen silken thread in the 10,000 pocket cartoons Lancaster did for the *Express* over 40 years).

One of his narrowest wartime escapes, while he was doubling as a Foreign Office press officer and Fleet Street cartoonist (then anonymous), arose from a rumour that had reached de Gaulle about someone in the FO who had been making fun of the Free French in a cartoon. "Very unlikely, *mon Général,*" said the economical FO spokesman. After all, the cartoons were not done by someone at the Foreign Office. They were done by someone at the *Express*. Same person, different buildings.

The chapter that lifts the book into the first class, unexpectedly, is Boston's (and Lancaster's) venture into the Attic jungle of Greek civil war and politics in 1944/45. As historian and press officer respectively, both men might have been thought miscast. But as the bullets flew and still-contentious issues separated the saints from the shits in Athens, they acquitted themselves well, like England tail-enders let down by their principal political batsmen.

The enigma of Osbert remains: a book by one buffer about another, a man redeemed by a very English talent to amuse—and to disguise the trouble and feeling taken. Anglican, conservative and well-to-do, Lancaster betrayed himself seldom, apart from mild xenophobia and detestation of "sadistic homosexuals in military uniform". A dandy and a food-lover, he expected his womenfolk to cook, wash up and pick up his clothes on his way to bed. (They did.) His architectural taste lay at the opposite pole from Bauhaus and Pevsnerismus. But ladies—even *NSS* ladies—will surely forgive him for his devetion to their sex, as when he took in the flat of Wells Coates, the modernist and Lothario. The 1930s Hampstead style ran to cushions rather than chairs. "Ah" said Osbert, "a *machine à cohabiter.*"

Song aloft

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS AND THE VISION OF ALBION
Wilfrid Mellers
Barrie & Jenkins £25

Piers Burton-Page

There is more, infinitely more, to Vaughan Williams than the sweet sounds of *The Lark Ascending* or the *Tallis Fantasy*, even though they are two works his admirers would not let him forget. Beecham's cruel quip that "unfortunately in his remaining works he neglected to include a theme by Thomas Tallis" was also profoundly unjust. When he died in 1958, at what his obituarists could not resist calling the ripe old age of 86, VW already seemed like a survivor from some distant cultural age.

Revered by many as the Grand Old Man of English music, he was something of an institution in his lifetime, and predictably did not escape the dangers inherent in such status. In particular, people simply stopped listening to his music—principally because nobody was playing it very much, apart from a few champions such as Boult and Barbirolli and then, in the seventies and against the grain, André Previn. International modernism held sway, especially at the BBC; and it still seems unlikely that Pierre Boulez has ever even heard of Vaughan Williams.

Conspiracy theories aside, though, VW's music, a vast untidy mass of material containing nine symphonies, concertos for unlikely instruments such as the harmonica or the bass tuba, ballets with unprofitable-sounding subjects such as Job or Old King Cole, unfashionable ballad operas, extended choral settings of poets like Walt Whitman, occasional pieces for all sorts and conditions of men, even a new Anglican hymnal, sits on the shelf defiantly awaiting its time. Maybe that time is closer than we thought, certainly a step nearer with Mellers's passionate advocacy. Conductors, such as Bernard Haitink, or Yehudi Menuhin whose recent recording of VW's Fifth Symphony is an unexpected triumph, are getting interested again. Musicians are finally looking beyond VW's eartrumpet and general Falstaffery to the hidden wellsprings of the music itself.

A composer himself, but also deeply responsive to the myriad verbal, visual and philosophical sources of VW's inspiration that he has tracked down here, Wilfred Mellers is the ideal guide through the complexities—for such they are—of VW's metaphysical development. Not concerned with biography, or even a comprehensive survey of the music, Mellers sets out in search of meaning. VW's own assertion, not necessarily to be taken at face value, that matter was at least as important as manner and that he wasn't concerned with style is taken by Mellers as the starting point for a searching chapter-by-chapter analysis of a number of key works.

So a piece like *On Wenlock Edge*, central to VW's early development, is studied in relation to its literary roots (ie, Housman, who notoriously hated VW's setting), its political and social context (world war one, the symbolism of rural landscape, the sexual revolution), and its musical antecedents (its relation to the composer's interest in folksong, but also the deep impact of his obsession with the great English Tudor composers, especially Tallis, which is also to be felt in works apparently far distant from their primarily religious concerns).

Keeping up with Mellers as he teases out, say, the fine balance of agnosticism and acceptance in *Santa Civitas*, or the precise nuance of mere emptiness as against total spiritual desolation in the extraordinary epilogue to the Sixth Symphony requires some stamina, a knowledge of the scores, and a passing acquaintance with the language of musical analysis, because he is keen to match up ends and means. So the modes which governed English folksong—Lydian, Dorian—are related by Mellers in considerable detail to VW's vocal and instrumental technique, and to his expressive aims. But it is worth the journey simply to watch so many myths being demolished along the way: notions that VW was, for instance, the king of an English cowpat school, or a sort of musical William Morris, are ruthlessly discarded. A close reading of his *Pastoral Symphony* reveals that it has as much to do with war as peace.

At the other end of his life, in the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, VW was living up to Eliot's dictum that "old men ought to be explorers", in music of still unrecognised power. For Mellers, VW is an archetype of the naive artist, the prey to forces he sometimes did not know, a "double man" driven by uncertainties and conflicts that are the root of a creativity whose profound originality we are only now beginning to grasp.

Tricks of language

THE FRENCH LEFT AND THE FIFTH REPUBLIC
John Gaffney
Macmillan £33

Douglas Johnson

This is not an easy book to read. But it is well worth the effort. The author brings together an analysis of French politics in the traditional sense, which is organisational, constitutional and ideological, and an investigation of the language of communism and socialism as it is used within the framework of party congresses and official pronouncements. The major preoccupation of this book is to see how ritual and discourse affect leadership and enable a party to adapt itself to changing circumstances.

Although the methods may be new to many political scientists the results are not always surprising. It does not come as a shock to learn that the Communist Party in France uses a revolutionary language in order to render more acceptable its assumption of policies which are in

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no way revolutionary. But it is significant to note how Georges Marchais, whether in a report to a party congress or in his *L'Espoir au present* (1980), is using language which deflects communist discourse away from an inherited doctrinal control of the party and towards a personalised populism. All his images, all his reflections and recollections are centred around himself. He presents himself, not only as being sensitive, perceptive and committed, but also as someone who is uncorrupted in a world of corruption.

The party is presented in Marchais's book as a group of comrades, known to each other and known to and understood by its leader, and unswervingly loyal to him. The personalisation of the discourse is not only suitable for the constitution of the Fifth Republic, where an individual stands as a candidate for the highest office; it is also appropriate for a party which is obliged to attack the socialists as being right-wing while at the same time being forced to form a variety of alliances with them.

Gaffney is at his most illuminating when he considers the socialists and their victory of 1981. They had promised more than a different President and a new government. People spoke about a new regime, and the official discourse abounded in promises of a new, harmonious and plentiful society, well distant from the scandals, injustices and constraints of the Giscardian years. But expectations were not met. The government that had the majority in the Assembly, in the municipalities and in the country, failed to wipe out unemployment, control inflation or install social justice. A new discourse was necessary. And from 1984 on this discourse hinged around the word "modernisation".

In his analysis Gaffney points out how modernisation is never defined. He shows how, in official pronouncements, it is always linked to socialism, and to the need for socialists to promote modernisation (and sometimes there is talk of the right of socialists to discuss modernisation). Modernisation as the equivalent to social progress soon gives way to the notion that social progress *is* modernisation. Once social reformers, or some of them, looked forward to a time when every man would own his little patch of land. Prime Minister Fabius launched the idea that every family should have its Minitel.

We all know about sleight of hand in politics. In this insightful book John Gaffney shows us the importance of tricks of language.

Then as now

THE SINEWS OF POWER: WAR, MONEY AND THE ENGLISH STATE, 1688-1783
John Brewer
Unwin Hyman £9.95 paperback/£28 hardback

Roy Porter

The history of Georgian England is, all of a sudden, in the melting pot. For years, conventional wisdom asserted its relative "modernity". Unlike its continental *ancien regime* rivals, Britain's constitutional liberties and parliamentary government generated progressive social change and a liberal spirit, which in turn encouraged the industrial revolution. A spanner was then tossed into the works by J C D Clark, who spied in this interpretation the sins of Whig history: Plumb, Hobsbawm and Co were guilty of reading back into the past all that the left most admires or desires in the present. Clark's 18th century, in profound contrast, is deeply church-and-king: traditionalist, hierarchical, aristocratic, arcadian.

The latest counterblast in this battle comes from the leading younger member of the mainstream, John Brewer. It offers a radical, but wholly convincing, reinterpretation of the Georgian state. Progressives have always felt uneasy about Hanoverian government. Insofar as it was undespotic, it was good; insofar as it was ramshackle and corrupt, honeycombed with patronage, it was just as well the century bred reformers. Such views presuppose the Georgian state was weaker than the continental absolutisms. Brewer takes issue with these assumptions.

For one thing, Brewer demonstrates, the bureaucracy grew rapidly in power under the Georges; and despite nests of nepotism, its ethos became careerist, professional and hard-working. Departments such as the Excise expanded and gained reputations for efficiency. Just as well, since the Georgian state needed to extract quite unprecedented sums in revenue from its subjects, via direct and indirect taxation, not least to finance Treasury borrowing. In 1700 the ministry raised about £4 million in taxes; by 1800 the sum had risen to £31 million. Britain became Europe's most heavily and efficiently taxed kingdom.

Where did all this revenue go? On war, and on servicing the national debt—itself largely the product of the staggering costs of 18th century warfare. For after two centuries as a minor offshore island, from 1689 onwards Britannia turned herself into a key military power, fighting continental but especially naval and imperial campaigns, largely to expand her commercial interests.

War and its debts bankrupted Bourbon France and precipitated revolution. Absolutism proved brittle. What then enabled the British state to raise such huge taxes without provoking rebellion, and secure vast loans without constant credit crises? Financial ingenuity achieved much, notably the founding of the Bank of England: Robert Walpole could teach Nigel Lawson a trick or two about deficit finance. But above all, it was the parliamentary system. The growth of the sinews of power, the expansion of the Treasury and Whitehall, won acceptance because, unlike elsewhere, the political nation was party to the process—and MPs were among the main beneficiaries of such policies.

An older mythology liked to see parliament as a bulwark of liberty against the designs of despotism. Brewer's elegant analysis shows how parliament itself, then as today, readily serves as a most effective engine for the centralisation of power.

Comic crits

COMICS: IDEOLOGY, POWER AND THE CRITICS
Martin Barker
Manchester University Press £10.95 paperback/£40 hardback

Roger Sabin

Comics are a language. They constitute a weave of writing and art which has its own syntax, grammar and conventions, and which can communicate ideas in a totally unique fashion: both words and pictures have to work, or else the comic fails. Sometimes, when it succeeds, it's capable of generating a thrill that's impossible in any other medium.

In Martin Barker's splendid new book, he explains how this language has been misunderstood and misinterpreted by critics over the years, and how this has led to the formulation of miguided (but remarkably influential) concepts about its effects on young minds. There are two main culprits: journalists, who generally see comics as banal eyewash capable only of doing harm; and academics, who explain their influence in terms of all-embracing theories. By systematically dissecting both approaches, Barker is able to shed new light on the whole question of media power.

His method is to go back to the comics themselves and to concentrate on controversies surrounding titles for children and teenagers from the sixties and seventies (many strips are reproduced, and readers are invited to decide for themselves between the author's evaluation and that of the critics). Among others there are case studies of the boys' comic, *Action*, and the campaign against it for excessive violence, of *Jackie* and various feminist critiques, and of the Disney comics and theories of cultural imperialism.

The book is not without flaws, however. There is no bibliography, for instance—essential in a study of this kind. The cover illustration of a costumed superhero is unsatisfactory for the expectations it raises: this is a genre that has been deliberately ignored. Finally, the blurb is possibly over-optimistic in suggesting that this is a work ordinary comic fans will enjoy. What gave Barker's previous book, *A Haunt of Fears*, such a wide appeal was that the comics it dealt with (banned fifties horror titles) were intrinsically interesting. Against them, the pedestrian-looking *Bunty*, *Action et al* just don't have the same attraction.

But these are minor points, and purely as a piece of research *Comics* is a triumph. Its conclusions are bound to have far-reaching implications for theories of media influence, and establish once and for all comics as a fit subject for academic study (a notion that has largely been resisted in this country until now, despite the many flourishing comics academies and courses in Europe, America and Japan). At a time when the medium itself is changing, and a new generation of "graphic novels" is provoking fresh controversy and threats of censorship, this is both a welcome and a timely development.

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Sue Hillwood-Harris

Wooden heart

Stephen Daniels reports on a New Age catalogue of tree lore

Trees in England, no less than horses, and rather more than people, are subject to very public displays of affection. And events that threaten or destroy trees release bloodbanks of national passion. After the great gale of October 1987, which swept through south-east England (normally a region insulated from rough winds, whether economic or meteorological) word got around that 15 million trees had been destroyed, many in the parks and gardens which, it was affirmed, gave the south east—and by extension the whole nation—its character.

"Nearest to a nuclear war" reported the *Observer's* "Gale 87" supplement. It devoted two pages to the devastation in more than 50 sites from English Heritage's *Register of Parks and Gardens* and exalted over the millions of pounds which were immediately raised in response, including a £1,000 donation to the *Observer* Treeline Appeal from a reader in Leeds "appalled to hear of the damage 200 miles away".

Perhaps there is some correlation between the track of the gale over southern England and the geography of the Green vote in the recent European election? We now learn that much of the passion in the wake of the storm was misguided: the *Observer*'s reader in Leeds might not have parted with his money so easily had he known that a fallen tree is not a dead tree and that more viable trees were killed by people clearing the storm damage than were killed by the storm itself.

Certainly the effect of the great gale is still felt in London in a programme of exhibitions, publications, talks and readings on Trees, Woods and the Green Man organised by the environmental group Common Ground. But Common Ground is less concerned about parks and gardens, or even planting, than the vernacular virtues of "woodmanship": coppicing, pollarding, hedge-laying, and so on. Its programme is less concerned to tell us about the ecology or (alternative) economics of trees, than to "increase people's awareness of the cultural and spiritual importance of trees". To this end we are offered exhibitions on trees in contemporary arts and crafts, writings on tree and woodland symbolism in art and literature and an anthology of the poetry of trees.

What notion of art and culture informs this programme? In his forward to Common Ground's *Manifesto for Trees*, Richard Mabey quotes from one of John Berger's later essays on the need for art "to make social the brief hope offered by nature," to explain how the *Manifesto* seeks "to make social the hope and example offered by trees". This idea of the social has less to do with class or politics than some fundamental biological and psychological sense of human existence.

As such the programme may be seen as part of the present Neo-Romantic, even New Age, redefinition of cultural identity and citizenship. The individual is connected to the collective through universal myths or archetypes. At times in this programme, new citizenship is

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seen to be global (Sting posed next to Raoni, a tribal chief in the Amazon rain forest), but mostly it is England "from the Green Knights and Robin Hood to Constable and Elgar".

There is a place for women in this world, nourishing, protecting and so on. If the Green Man, "the son, the lover and the guardian of the great earth goddess" rambles through history in various guises, the great goddess is always in place.

Meanwhile there is advice for the ungreened. Common Ground's *Manifesto for Trees* urges us to "make friends with a tree... lean against it, feel its strength, stability and quietness". Unfortunately few of the trees in my neighbourhood are the strong, silent type and it is a relief to be reminded that sometimes a tree is a tree is a tree.

Oliver Rackham tells us that "trees are immeasurably unlike us and unlike each other. They are much less anthropoid than dogs or codfish. An ash is less like a pine than a dog is like a cod. Elms mostly manage without sex, and oaks do not know old age as we do."

Yet it is inescapable, as Marina Warner puts it, that "trees refuse to remain inanimate or literal; they attract the mythopoeic imagination and grow metaphors and stories". This is precisely why the language and imagery of trees is susceptible to, and still badly in need of, analysis and ideology.

Large financial and industrial corporations naturalise their business by using arboreal rhetoric in their advertisements, a fact which puts any ethereal notion of culture into question. And presently, as agriculture retreats, there are large financial stakes in trees and woodland on the ground. It is, I think, as much the impending *increase* in woodland as any threat to woodland from acid rain, global warming or sudden gales, which is responsible for a heightened consciousness of trees. And this consciousness is inescapably political.

Before the last general election a "Farmer's Diary" in the *Times* caricatured the contest over new woodland: "Councillor Winifred Well-meaning (Alliance) will plead for plenty of ash and chestnut coppice so that the stoves of the woodburning classes can be kept fuelled; Len Devious (Labour) will advocate subsidised softwoods and ranks of centrally planned pines; Conservative Adrian Broadchalk-Strype will take the advice of his gamekeeper before insisting on some good stands of beech with sheltering ground cover round the perimeter."

This political language of trees and woodlands has a long history, whether in support of the patriarchal English oak against precocious conifers or the seditious Liberty Tree or in the criminalisation of woodland practices, whether grazing or woodgathering, which do not respect trees as timber.

There are local political implications to Common Ground's programme and some useful hints on dealing with the law and government. But often conflicting ideologies in woodland attitudes or management in the more literary or artistic realm of culture are cloaked in appeals to universal human feelings for nature. On inspection these feelings often turn out to naturalise an authoritarian social order, as when, in a discussion of Frances Horovitz's poetry, Kim Taplin appeals to the Great Chain of Being that "seems to lie under English poetry like a root... the old sense of hierarchy that defines our power in terms of responsibility". As long as poetry-reading retains its political innocence, this seems safe enough, but when we see it in relation to other kinds of writing, it appears more disturbing.

A few years ago some contingency plans for south-east England during a real nuclear war were leaked to the *Guardian* (14 May 1983). "In its way a nation is like a forest", the plans announced, "and the aim of war planning is to secure the survival of the great trees... If all the great trees and much of the brushwood are felled a forest may not regenerate for centuries. If a sufficient number of great trees is left... if felling is to some extent selective and controlled, recovery is swift."

"Trees at the Tate" is at the Tate Gallery through August; "The Tree of Life" is at the Royal Festival Hall Foyer until 28 August, then on tour until November 1990; "Out of the Wood" is at the Crafts Council, 12 Waterloo Place, London until 8 October.

Sue Hillwood-Harris

Archaos: they use the spirit of the video to master the spectacle of the circus

Circus

Thrills with spills

Claire Armitstead on the rise of heavy metal circus

Anyone who cherishes a shame-faced affection for Eartha Kitt's purrings about the day that the circus left town will be aware of the potent cultural icon that has for 200 years kindled and extinguished flames of childish delight. If circus is about the magic of performance, it is also about upping sticks and disappearing; if it is about both of those, it is also about the grey clutter of the morning after, casting a sobering light on the often tacky brilliance of the evening before.

The sheer breadth of circus appeal has ensured it a following of millions at the same time as earning it the disdain of those in England who consider themselves to be the arbiters of artistic taste. "It's a circus", cried the high-minded when the idea of the Earl's Court operas first swung into reality. The implication was that the emphasis on spectacle, the sheer size of the undertaking and the resulting erosion of artistic standards, somehow aligned it with that low-status, undemanding and essentially democratic entertainment, the circus.

The ambiguity of attitudes towards the circus

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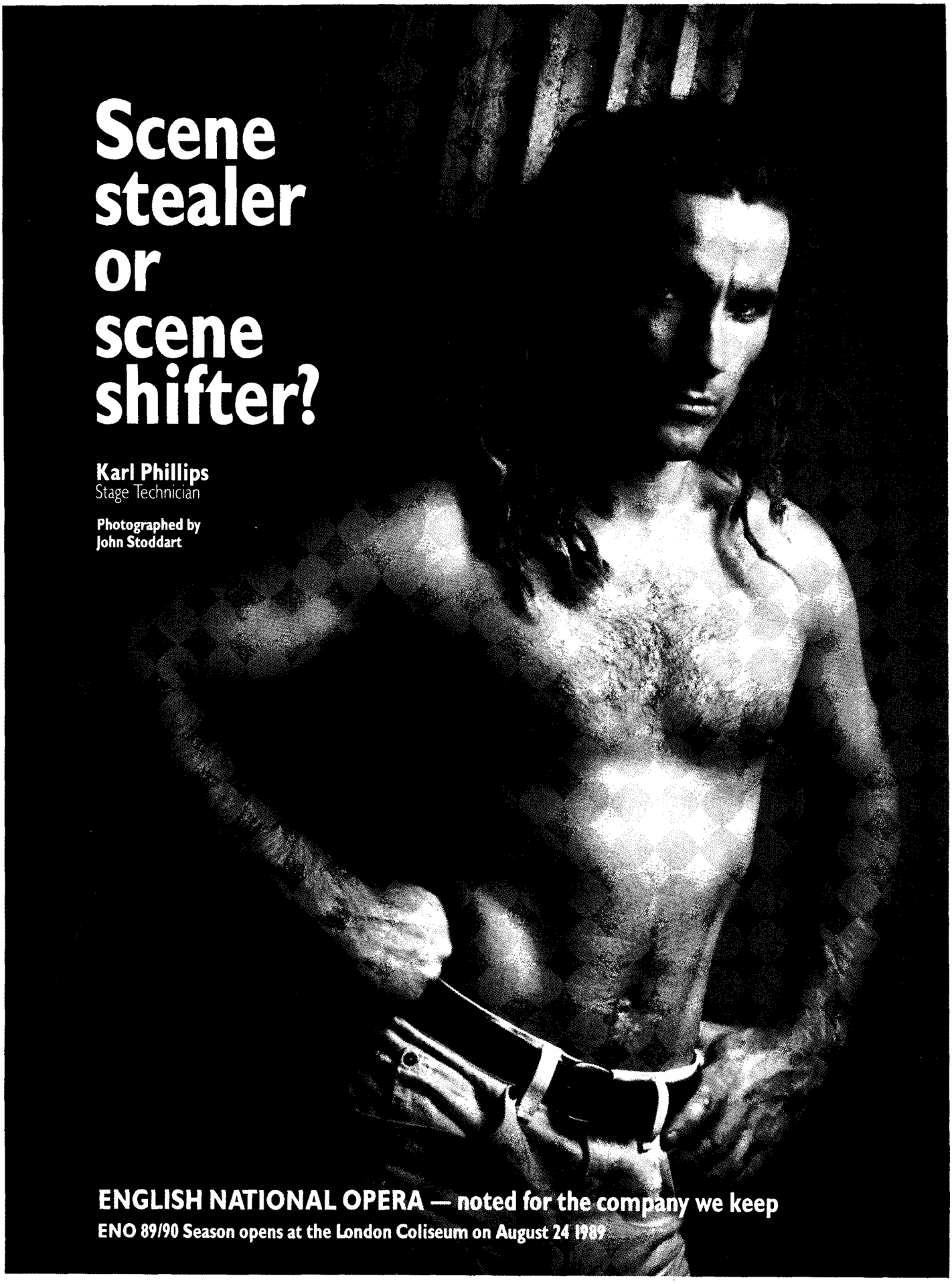

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in England—complicated by disapproval of its exploitation of animals and sexual stereotypes—touches uncomfortably on class-based prejudices about art and entertainment. It is an ambiguity notably not shared on the continent, where companies such as the German *Circus Roncalli* or France's *Cirque Gruss* are recognised as high art and funded accordingly.

Enter new circus, a coterie of performers who have done away with the lions and the tigers but have kept in the favourite clown, concentrating their efforts on picking up and developing a variety of skills that is simply not seen anywhere else.

Through derring-do, comedy and judicious use of illusion, this new community often scores satirical points about the nature of art, life and society—bringing circus once more to the forefront of fashion and in some cases acquiring subsidies along the way.

Last year's new circus festival on London's South Bank revealed as catholic a collection as ever sheltered in the lee of a big top—from the breathtakingly accomplished to the frankly amateur, they came in their droves to within yards of where a certain Sergeant Major Philip Astley invented the modern circus in 1769.

The soldier turned trick rider, who owed his innovation to the startling discovery that the centrifugal forces of a ring 42 foot in diameter were enough to keep him standing on the rump of a cantering horse, would undoubtedly have looked on in disbelief at the Archaos motorcyclist plunging headlong from the pinnacle of a futuristic big top.

But as Pierrot Bidon, architect-in-chief of the crack French troupe points out, the motorcycle is merely doing today what the horse did yesterday. "I think of ourselves as the most traditional circus in the world. We make circus like the man who invented it, but we take the spirit from video because we are in the time of video, film and special effects," Bidon says.

What Archaos shares with Sergeant Major Astley and the best conventional circus is a mastery of spectacle, which begins with the big top itself—a construction other-worldly in its size and construction, which Archaos has evolved into a giant bubble festooned by a spider's web of light-catching ropes that recall the perilous artistry of the high wire, while creating their own spatial dimension.

But not all circus is big (Reg Bolton's notably comes suitcase-sized). Environment, Bidon says, is the start of a magic which only works if all the elements are right—and the elements are the same the world over: "Danger, laughter, *poésie* and stupidité... always stupidité". Getting it right means holding a careful balance, and while Bidon scorns the Soviet argument for thrills without spills ("what use is a safety net if you land on your neck"), he admits to sacking last year's motorbiking demon because he hurt himself too badly too many times.

The *poésie* of danger never did withstand the prosaic sight of too many crumpled limbs, even though stories of lion tamers mauled by their own cats, or of trapeze artists plunging to their deaths are part of the mythology of the circus—a mythology ritualised in the hit-or-miss slapstick of the traditional clown.

So what, at the day's end, is the appeal of an art form that is as good, bad or indifferent as its constituent acts? "Everyone can recognise themselves in the show because the show is life," Bidon says. David Jamieson, who edits the circus fans' quarterly, *King Pole*, enumerates a surprising list of obsessions among the hardcore faithful, including a fascination with the logistics of carting a village on wheels from one municipal park to another.

But the bottom line is the variety and skill of a performing community whose members might be in England one week and Japan the next. If you want good circus, says Jamieson, go to Blackpool this summer, where you will see many of the top acts in one of the top five box-office shows in the whole of Britain. Alternatively you could wait for Archaos's visit to the Edinburgh Festival.

Archaos is performing at the Edinburgh Fringe until 2 September at Leith Links.

Cinema

The metal age

Suzanne Moore on the dark and dangerous years before punk

It was the first proper gig I ever went to see, a heavy metal band. I was 14 and had come up to London to see Black Sabbath. I'm not sure about the head-banging but I went home covered in lovebites, having had a brilliant time. I remember even as a fan thinking there was something faintly ridiculous about the whole enterprise. Ozzy Osborne (the lead singer) had longer fringes on his jacket than anyone else, and he swung them about like a mad thing. But he seemed not so much satanic as just plain frantic. If the performance didn't electrify me, the stuff of their songs did. They had all the elements that any serious teenager requires—they seemed to be dark, druggy and dangerous and, for me anyway, symbolised a big "fuck-off" to the world of Donny and Marie Osmond, to civilisation as we knew it then.

I have an excuse for liking heavy metal. This was five years before punk after all. What the hell were we supposed to do in the meantime? But it's difficult not to be defensive about it, for heavy metal, despite its phenomenal success, is regarded as the soundtrack of the mentally retarded, emotionally stunted and grossly sexist members of our community. Which may be why it is very big business both here and in the United States.

The fact, then, that one of the very few female directors working in Hollywood should choose to make a film about heavy metal is interesting in itself. But, when you know that the director is Penelope Spheeris who made *The Decline of Western Civilisation: Part 1*, a brilliant documentary about the hardcore punk scene in Los Angeles, you know it makes sense.

Old timer Alice Cooper

Spheeris's empathetic explorations of various American sub-sub-cultures in *Suburbia*, *The Boys Next Door* and *Dudes* have been equally hard-edged, never shying away from conveying the violence or boredom of these lifestyles.

In her new film, **The Decline of Western Civilisation Part II: The Metal Years**, Spheeris once again walks the fine line between

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condemnation and celebration and gets it just right. Basically a series of interviews with bands, fans and wanna-bes involved in the LA scene, the "Mecca of current American metal", she proves herself not only an astute social commentator but also a first-class documentary maker. A lesser film-maker would have gone for blank *Spinal Tap* parody or overplayed concern. Spheeris instead has made a movie that is both funny and desperately sad, whose displays of self-deception are as shocking as its honesty. And like all good documentaries, this one was made in the editing room.

Cutting between live footage and interviewees from deservedly unknown bands like Faster Pussycat, Odin and the dire London to old timers like Alice Cooper, Kiss and Aerosmith, the movie soon establishes that heavy metal is everything that people say it is. It is loud, repetitive, aggressive, sexist and racist. (*Glasnost* is evidently not big in LA. During their song, *Russian Winter*, the lead singer of

Ozzy Osborne attempts breakfast

London, Nadir D'Priest, burns a Russian flag.) It is also obsessed with images of death and destruction, whether it's images of skulls or songs about air crashes. Yet none of these things is as simple as they first appear.

Sure many of these disciples of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll lifestyle think with their crotches and treat women like objects but, as the film shows, some women play a very *active* part in turning themselves into objects. It requires an awful lot of determination to be *that* passive. Ultimately, however, the sexual bravado of heavy metal culture is pathetic, not because it is not right-on but because it doesn't *work*. The endless promises of "doing it all night long" may be wishful thinking for the boys, but don't seem to have much effect on the girls, which is why it remains such a male domain. Soul music, which contains just as much sexual boasting and is just as explicit, is far more seductive because it pretends a dialogue. For, when male sexuality becomes nothing more than an aggressive expression of self-assertion, as it has with much hip-hop and rap, it becomes just as unappealing as (though apparently trendier than) any heavy metal thrash.

Some of the worst offenders are the prettiest boys. Faces carefully made up, their narcissism is strictly heterosexual. They may have long hair and lipstick, but these are mainly props for the much needed "attitude" and, as they repeatedly assure us, they know how to "kick ass" and "rock'n'roll". They are the would-be stars, convinced against all odds they are going to make it. They have no choice, many of them say: having dropped out from school, they don't know how to do anything else. Their belt buckles may say rebel, but more than anything they want to be rich and famous. After all they are not punks, they don't even bother paying lip service to the notion that the music business might stink.

Finally, though, there are the rich and famous—casualties of the lifestyle these kids aspire to. Apart from the eminently sensible Lemmy of Motorhead, most of the stars reminded me of nothing more than Vietnam vets. Fresh out of rehab clinics ("I must have snorted up the whole of Peru") they have the air of the terminally bored, they have done it all—the girls, the drugs, the compulsory hotel-trashing—and there is nothing left, no edge, no point.

They are a far better warning for kids than the bizarre demetalling programmes organised by paranoid probation officers. Chris Holmes of WASP floats out of his brain in a swimming pool watched by his mother. As he tips bottles of Smirnoff into himself, he seems to have regressed completely into an infantile, incoherent wreck. In comparison Megadeath's interest in death, destruction and frenzy seems positively healthy.

Then there is my old friend Ozzy Osborne, puffy faced in a leopard-print dressing-gown, stumbling around his LA mansion trying to make breakfast. I was right when I was 14. He is completely ridiculous. For someone who has bitten the head off a bat, he has a great deal of trouble with the bacon. His grip on things is decidedly hazy, his spell in the Betty Ford clinic dismissed as boring. He can't seem to remember what happened to all the money they made, or indeed much of the time they were making it.

Is this the satanic majesty so feared by religious fundamentalists? As he spills the orange juice into the scrambled eggs he says he was attracted to the outlaw image of rock 'n'roll. Weren't we all? But then what do you do after the thrill has gone.

Television

Life on the edge

Rosalind Brunt questions the rules of revelation

Saturday night television aims mainly to reflect the nation's Big Night Out with a week-ending formula of light variety, diverting chat and big-star films. But if we're at home actually watching it, clearly we are not ourselves on the razzle. Saturday night in may also spell loneliness, rejection and domestic explosion. As if reflecting this "other" meaning of Saturday night, the BBC is currently scheduling two intense representations of life experienced on the edge and in extremity: a repeat series of the hospital melodrama **Casualty** and a new documentary series on psychodrama: **The Session**. At first they clashed, but now it looks as if they're being regularly programmed end-to-end for maximum emotional charge.

So last week, before engaging with a range of family responses to serious brain injury in *Casualty*, audiences could participate in the heightened domestic tensions of an episode of *The Session* called "Family Matters". This begins with the psychodrama group making body sculptures of childhood and then one of them, Elfrida, suddenly says: "Seeing the curled-up child, I felt as though I wanted to harm it." Calmly Jinnie Jefferies, the psychodrama director, gives the shocking phrase back to her: "You want to harm it? How does that relate?" Elfrida: "I don't know. It's me. No, I don't know."

From this arresting start, the director sets the group the task of discovering where this pain comes from, by re-enacting Elfrida's childhood memories. Through a series of disturbing family scenes, Elfrida is led to a symbolic reconciliation with her parents that is also a freeing-up of her own identity. With the rest of the group hugging, crying and singing along with her at an imaginary seaside, she can at last say to her family, "I love you and I know you love me and it's all right. (laughing) It's all right."

I was hooked: it was altogether harrowing, moving, draining and joyous stuff. But what were we as viewers doing subjecting ourselves to this intensity of emotion, such intimacy of confessional moments in preference, say, to David Soul's shady adventures in Hong Kong over on ITV? The answer the producers of *The Session* might give is that we are having "a learning experience". As if conscious of accusations of sensory exhibitionism or viewer voyeurism, *The Session* is tightly organised and works didactically on a number of levels.

From the start, the viewer is warned off any wallowing in "naked" emotionalism because each episode is framed by a dispassionate commentating voice setting the scene and stating general psychological truths like: "Most of us have mixed feelings about the families in which

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we grew up... Few of us look back on family life as utter bliss." (cut from shots of a platform of hurrying commuters to the psychodrama group on cushions in a bare studio)

The commentary punctuates the impassioned re-enactments throughout, and serves as a cooling-out and distancing device. But it also has a teacherly function—explaining how psychodrama works, what effects the director is aiming for and what is achieved by the techniques of "echoing", "doubling" and symbolising that she uses.

But the educative angle is primarily about learning-by-stories: each session follows a clear narrative sequence of problems exposed, explored, resolved, and then in psycho-discourse, "shared", among the group, with all the satisfactory neatness of a clear moral fable. And alongside all its "Open University" type assurance, this is the heart of *The Session's* fascination. For as the viewing audience is invited to share in the caring, the psychodrama comes closest to the vicarious enjoyments of melodrama and offers a set of emotionally demanding identifications similar to soap opera: what's going to happen next? How will the guilty secret be revealed? What would I do in this situation?

However, *The Session* isn't *Casualty* and the people aren't actors but, as the commentary insists, "ten ordinary people". Whenever I see confessional documentaries, whatever their didactic pretensions, I'm always willing to be as emotionally persuaded by them as I am by soaps. But I can never wholly suspend disbelief. If this is not "just" fiction, but some version of "the real thing", then I want to know more about the pursuit of honesty, like: how was *The Session* group selected? Why did they risk exposure? What was the contract about confessions? Did relatives have a veto on confidences revealed? Where is the psychodrama director "coming from"? With soaps I think I'm clear about the narrative rules that manipulate my feelings. With the sort of documentary television that claims both didactic authority and the most intimate authenticity, I'd like to be a bit more certain about the rules of revelation.

Music

Forever young

Rock no longer equals youth, says Andrew Goodwin

Nostalgia USA-style: flashback for the fortysomething, soon to be fiftysomething

Images of The Who stare out from magazine covers and TV screens all across America on publicity patrol for their current tour. Looking at them, I'm struck by a recurring memory. As an adolescent, in the early 1970s, I once stalked the pavements of a small, sleepy Hampshire railway town with one burning question in my mind: what will it be like 10 or 20 years from now when bands like The Who are no longer "young"? Will they still play rock music? How *could* that happen? Could Roger Daltrey, at the age of 40, strut across the stage and produce that howl at the end of "Won't Get Fooled Again"? Try as I might, I just couldn't imagine it.

Now, in the final summer of the 1980s, the answers seem obvious. The media are busy recyling familiar images of the Woodstock festival to coincide with its 20th anniversary this week, and the mega-stadia of America are gearing up for summer and autumn tours from rock legends like the Rolling Stones, Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, a Yes-alumni band (Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman and Howe), The Doobie Brothers, and two bands who played at Woodstock—Jefferson Airplane... and The Who.

The equation between rock and youth has been smashed, and rock in the USA is engaged in an orgy of nostalgia which provides flashbacks for the fortysomethings, and what could be the counter-cultural equivalent of a museum trip for their children.

Rolling Stones bassist Bill Wyman is in fact fiftysomething now (as is the Airplane's Grace Slick). The Who's Pete Townshend has suffered so much hearing damage that his ears must be protected from loud music (in rehearsals for the US tour, Townshend played in a separate room). And Ringo Starr is a grandfather who appears in a children's TV show. Indeed, the *children* of rock stars have grown up, so that you could now form a second generation super-group comprising pop offspring like Julian Lennon, Ziggy Marley, Dweezil Zappa and Jason Bonham. Journalists and rock critics, reared on the rock/youth equation, remain fascinated by all this. They repeatedly ask the stars how it feels to rock out at age 53 or whatever. The Pete Townshend lyric, "I hope I die before I get old", is invoked with monotonous regularity.

But hidden inside these questions are two unpleasant assumptions. The first, that rock's concern with sexuality, rebellion and freedom is an adolescent preoccupation, is clearly both ageist and deeply reactionary. The second assumption concerns the music. As we get older, our tastes develop, and we put away childish things. The thought that musicians who have been playing professionally for two or three decades would still want to play rock'n'roll seems to raise a question. There is, of course, deep hostility to mass culture embedded in this. As though the aesthetic qualities of rock transparently demanded a "progression" to other, "serious" kinds of music.

The necessary collapse of the ideology of rock-as-youth often gets confused with the erosion of rock's anti-commercial rhetoric. The organisers of Woodstock wanted to hold an anniversary concert this summer, but they called it off because they couldn't arrange the television rights. Warners Bros Inc maintains that it holds copyright of all media use of the name "Woodstock", and it had already struck a deal with (who else?) MTV. The history of rock in the 1980s is written between the lines of that contract.

This time around the counter-culture is funded by a series of Faustian deals with American business. But in the 1980s, few eyebrows are raised about the corporate feeding frenzy that now accompanies all major rock events. Tours kick off long before a note has been played with televised press conferences and media speculation about sponsorship deals.

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Pete Townshend has been characteristically blunt about his motivation for touring with The Who again: money. Like his bass player John Entwistle, he wants the income to underwrite his career as a solo musician, and he will use The Who tour to promote his latest solo release—a "musical" based on a Ted Hughes children's story, *The Iron Man*.

The group's performances of the rock opera *Tommy* are sponsored by Budweiser (proceeds go to charity—thus giving the sponsors a double moral victory), with the rest of the tour underwritten by Miller beers. Ringo Starr and his All-Starr band (including "fifth Beatle" Billy Preston) comes to us courtesy of Pepsi. The Rolling Stones are underwritten by, yes, MTV. Pay-per-view TV tie-ins also form a crucial part of the budget.

That this entrepreneurial framing now extends to rock philanthropy like the *Tommy* concerts underscores the moral vacuum produced by rock sponsorship. At an Aids benefit concert in Oakland earlier this year I encountered this scenario, a typical cluster of images from the age of corporate-rock. Tracy Chapman was performing in a concert designed to raise money for Aids research and education. Most of us couldn't actually see her, so we watched her image on the giant video screens, where she was flanked by advertisements for Coca-Cola, Budweiser, Winston cigarettes and the Great Western Bank. Overhead, a plane trailed a banner reading "FORD DEALERS IN CONCERT AGAINST AIDS".

Chrissie Hynde once sang that we had moved "from the Woodstock nation to the Pepsi generation", and the description fits Pete Townshend (who played at Woodstock) just as neatly as it applies to today's sponsor-hungry young rockers. But in the current summer of retro-rock, the two factors of age and anti-commercialism are often conflated, so that selling out to sponsors seems to be a natural by-product of rock's coming of age. Is it possible to celebrate the decline of rock ageism without buying into the rhetoric of Townshend's breathless rationalisations for The Who sell-out? I hope so.

Exhibition

Remember the war

Nigel Fountain on the smiling wartime faces

Hilda comes over to examine a picture of a Morrison shelter. It resembles an oversize playpen. When she was a teenager in wartime Cardiff her family had one. They were for the housebound, she explains, they took it away when her parents' health improved. They had an Anderson shelter in the garden, but it was usually flooded.

Hilda is an attendant at the City of London's Barbican Centre. Gusts of applause waft from the concert hall. It is Gershwin night.

Lodged in the Barbican's airport lounge interior is their bit for the war effort, due to climax with a **We'll Meet Again** August bank holiday pageant commemorating that Sunday when Chamberlain spoke to the nation 50 years ago.

The exhibitions are largely low key, fleetingly observed by the clientele en route to Shakespeare and Summer Pops. There is a predominantly undistinguished clutch of paintings from the Corporation; a selection of newspaper cartoons; some memorabilia and two collections of photographs.

Britain at Bay—still from the imperial War Museum—"is", if we are to believe the publicity, "full of amusing moments and rich in atmosphere". "It will jog old memories." Indeed it jogged Hilda's memory, but was low on amusement. So too is the Barbican's stunning showpiece—the Robert Capa retrospective.

John Topham Picture Library

Smile please: family of five plus dog in their tiny air-raid shelter

I grew up nostalgic about nostalgia. I am Winston Smith's peer, but *Diary for Timothy* was written for my world. True, the camps—as photographs in old copies of the *Illustrated London News*—were viewed by an incredulous and helplessly fascinated 12 year old, but war was The Wooden Horse and Guy Gibson, sleek monoplanes, and Biggles bringing the butt of the automatic down on the German's head.

The war was when we—they—were all together and alone; when Heinkels were filmed over the Thames; when the Americans dragged their feet and Lancasters arrived on time over the Ruhr. The war wasn't David Low's 1940 "Xmas presents From Santa Low" with its "anti-Jew worker of the shelter", "idle grizzler", "food profiteer" and "ask-Hitler-for peace-now loony". Britons who couldn't take it have no place in mythology. Better the jolly souls of the tube station shelters, sharing a bottle of stout.

The reality is there in *Britain At Bay*, as the concertgoers stream past pinched faces of the poor, huddling in tunnels, sleeping on platforms as Europe's civil war rages above their heads.

Amid the memorabilia is a gas mask cover, adorned with a teddy bear to make it, says a note, "less intimidating to a child". "Oh, how *sweet*," says a young woman. And she's right.

Capa photographed the Blitz in 1941, but he started work on an exiled Trotsky in 1932, and worked through Spain, China, North Africa, Italy, France and Germany. The details are hooks to cling to amid the carnage; a dog scampering through a Waterloo Road slum; black-and-white blood glistening as it drains life from a GI; a child clutching another teddy bear in devastated Nuremberg; the dyke where—a few minutes later—Capa was to be killed by a Vietnamese mine in 1954.

Nostalgia fades. Away from Capa I scrutinise a picture of a city. A group of men raise the national flag. In the foreground exhausted firefighters stare into nowhere. It is Plymouth in 1941, the morning after its obliteration. How peculiar. Surely it should be a faraway country of which I know little, Beirut perhaps, not an amusing moment in the life of my fellow citizens.

I want Hilda to tell me we/they were all together. Her mother was killed, so was her brother, in the Italian campaign. "It was sadness and deprivation," she says, "horror, greyness."

The first half of Gershwin is ending. Mary and Ann linger over the pictures. "People were friendly," says Mary. Ann has her doubts. "My mother had an Army allowance of £3 and 26 shillings went on rent, no family allowance, and no black-market food either." Mary is discomforted. Her father was gassed in the First One.

A picture of devastated Balham tube station has a caption explaining that the cause was a direct hit on the 600 inside. Only 64 were killed, choked in sewage and water.

"What I remember is November 1944," says Ann, "when a rocket hit Woolworth's in New Cross." A V2 I suggest, as she glances at a shot of a V1. She doesn't know, she didn't worry about details then. "They did find some bodies, but a lot of people just *disappeared*."

"How could anyone have had a good war?" asks Hilda, walking back to the concert hall exit.

"Look at that man." Ann is pointing out a figure to her friend. "He's on television."

"I don't know him," Mary replies.

"Yes you do. It's Denis Norden."

Outside are the Barbican's 1960s towers. High rises stretch into the East End. The old rubble is deep under the concrete, crushed with the corpses, support for the modern world.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

WALTHAM FOREST MENCAP need volunteers/escorts & drivers to assist people with learning difficulties. This would involve befriending at outings, discos and sport etc. All expenses paid. If you have time to spare, however little each week, please contact Geraldine on 556 3445.

VOLUNTEER Receptionists needed for project that works with young people (16 - 25) in South Islington. We offer a diverse service, including leisure, training, housing advice and counselling. The role of the Receptionist is very important:- it includes welcoming young people, answering the phone and generally being available to chat with people. The project opens during the week from 10 am to 10 pm. Training and support will be given. More information please contact Brenda Lewis at Kings Corner project, 92 Central Street, London EC1 8AJ, 253 6776.

MEDICAL CAMPAIGN Against Nuclear Weapons needs volunteers with skills for parliamentary and press monitoring, admin. and other tasks which in 1990 will include preparation for international conference. Contact: Tony Smythe, Director, MCANW, 601 Holloway Rd, London N19 4DJ.

CAMDEN VISUAL Impairment Team need volunteers to help clients with daily tasks such as reading a person's mail or advising on what clothes to buy. You will get support and training from specialist workers and fares and expenses are paid. Please phone Brian Larkin on 837 3363 x351. (Camden Volunteer Bureau).

HELP URGENTLY needed by the Civil Liberties Trust library and information services. Save us from drowning under a sea of paperwork by helping with answering enquiries, organising our collection of books & reports, building our press cuttings files, gathering information, entering data onto our computerised databank & with much more. Library experience would be useful but not essential. Contact Chris Jones at CLT, 21 Tabard St, London SE1 4LA. Tel: 403 3888 if you are free 1 or more days a week during the day (Mon - Fri).

SHELTER - National Campaign for the Homeless - needs volunteers immediately to help with essential but easy fundraising work in our office. Reasonable travel and meal expenses paid. For further information, phone Ginny Baumann on 01-253 0202 at Shelter, 88 Old St, London, EC1V 9HU.

HOLBORN Community Centre needs volunteer minibus drivers for day outings, short trips, regular swimming trips etc. The Centre caters for parents & under 5s, teenage girls, over 60s, people with disability, Bengali women & children. You will need to be over 21 with 2 years driving experience and a full driving licence. Please contact Sue Shickle on 405 2493. (Camden Volunteer Bureau).

THE WINGED FELLOWSHIP is a charity which organises holidays for disabled people at four centres aroung England. We are desperate for volunteers to help, particularly this Autumn. Will you help? Board and lodgings are provided and travel expenses are refunded. For further details, contact: Angel House, 20 - 32 Pentonville Road, London N1 9XD. Tel: (01) 833 - 2594.

HELP!

The HELP programme is a 4 minute local programme appearing at 6.20 pm approximately (check TV Times) on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

THAMES HELP! has finished for the summer but will be returning in September. As usual we have produced booklets to accompany many of the programmes in the series. Recent publications include:

SPECIAL CARE BABIES

SPECIAL NEEDS EDUCATION

VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE
(The Case Against Smacking)

LEGIONNAIRES DISEASE

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

If you would like these booklets or any of our publications they are free and can be obtained by writing to:
Thames Help!
PO BOX 11 London NW1 3HZ.

OXFORD CYRENIANS Hostel for homeless people and its six group homes require volunteers all year round. We ask six months commitment at least from our volunteers. Allowance & accommodation provided. The work is challenging and rewarding. For further details contact: Linda Shaw, Oxford Cyrenians, P.O. Box 36, Paradies St., Oxford OX1 1HE or Tel; 726241.

VOLUNTEERS Wanted. If you are fit, with a sense of humour, can drive, have 4-6 months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person full-time in his own flat and can start in August, then I have a vacancy for you. Volunteers recieve £37 per week plus free accommodation. For more details contact: Alan Soffert Tel: 01-736 8555. West London Area.

VOLUNTEER Summer Scheme Workers needed for youth project working with young people aged 16 to 25 in South Islington. We offer a diverse service including leisure, training, housing advice and counselling. Workers are required to help run a programme of trips & activities over a 6/8 week period. Contact Harshi Sehmar or Brenda Lewis, Kings Corner Project, 92 Central St, London EC1V 8AJ (253 6776).

CAMPAIGN Coffee Scotland Solidarity-minded volunteers for 1 - 2+ hours per week/month - packing mail orders, establishing resource centre, word processing, newsletter distribution, sales stalls. We import and market coffees and other foods from Nicaragua, Frontline States and Mexico. We need loyal helpers Urgently. Campaign Coffee Scotland, 29 Nicolson Sq, Edinburgh EH8 9BX (031 667 0905).

SATURDAY MORNING CLUB in Ilford requires volunteers to work with mentally handicapped children. Hectic but fun - mainly play and the occasional outing, and free ice cream! For further details please contact: Donna Brown, 9 Lucy Gdns, Dagenham, Essex RM8 3ES.

FAMILY COURTS Service are looking for volunteers to help run our Saturday Access Centres in South London where divorced or separated parents come to spend time with their children. If you are interested please give us a ring. 672 2682/8812.

OXFAM AREA 23 WALES and Hereford & Gloucestershire are looking for volunteers for our Autumn appeal. We need people to collect door-to-door or organise money raising events like jumble sales or sponsored events. Write to: Frank Evans at Oxfam, 46 Station Rd, Llanishen, Cardiff or ring Cardiff 757067.

CAMBRIDGE. Women needed to work with incest survivors. Scope for hostel work, outreach & information work, fundraising & project work. Training provided + opportunities to develop areas of interest. Expenses paid. We are a feminist collective committed to developing an equal opportunities policy. Telephone Cambridge 314438 (24 hour ansaphone).

CIVIL LIBERTIES TRUST an education and research charity and sister organisation to the National Council for Civil Liberties, urgently needs an assistant to the Director for two half days per week. Fast accurate audio typing essential, word-processing skills desirable. For more information please contact: Francesca Klug on 01-403 3888.

VOLUNTEER Residential post available working from 6 months - 1 year with young people with moderate emotional/learning difficulties. Training provided, also accommodation, some meals, £37 pw. travelling expenses, holidays. Contact Diana, (0734)- 712035, or write to St. Anne's Opportunity Centre, Chapel Row, Bucklebury, Reading RG7 6PB.

HELP: CND NEEDS YOU. Volunteers needed for printing, operating the switchboard and general office work. Full training will be given. We pay travelling expenses (within the London Area) and a lunch allowance. For details contact Lorraine or Laura at 22 Underwood St, London N1 7JG or Tel 250 4010 x165.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set – Monday noon
Lineage – Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork – Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works.
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Chris Gallagher (Acting Classified Manager)
Stephen Lafferty (Sales Executive)
Dominique Wright (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Dawn King (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

LEEDS ACCOMMODATION FORUM

has a vacancy for an

ADMINISTRATOR

LAF is a federation of agencies working with homeless people and people with special housing needs.

We are looking for someone with good administrative skills and capable of developing our funding strategy, as well as being responsible for our training services.

Experience of finance/funding/fundraising is essential.

Experience of organising training events/courses would be an added advantage.

Hours: 30 per week.

Salary: SO1 pro rata (£9,676-£10,321) + 3.7% pension (pay award pending).

Holidays: 30 days pro rata (ie 24 days) per annum.

For further details and an application form please write to LAF, 38 York Place, Leeds LS1 2ED.

Closing date: Monday, 4th September.

LAF aims to be an equal opportunities employer and welcomes applications from all sections of the community, particularly those under-represented on the existing staff team: women and men from black and ethnic minority groups and women and men with disabilities.

BRENT ADVOCACY CONSORTIUM

CO-ORDINATOR

£13,519 — 35 hour week

Are you able to co-ordinate and manage the work of this new organisation? You will need to be able to organise training and support for Volunteers who wish either to be their own self-advocates or act as advocates for other people with disabilities.

Experience of working on voluntary organisations useful.

Knowledge of disability issues essential.

Ability to work independently.

You will be based in a fully accessible building. People with disabilities and/or experience of ethnic groups are particularly welcome.

Contact Sylvia Wiseman on 01-451 3822 for information and application forms. Letters to the Brent Association for Disabled People, 154 Harlesden Road, Willesden, NW10 3RX. Closing date 1st September 1989.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Tayside's Community Education Service is developing a programme of innovative work based on an increasingly well resourced and supported workforce. For the following demanding but stimulating posts the Service is seeking professionally qualified applicants in Community Education with sound academic ability, a proven record of effective practical fieldwork and an imaginative, creative approach to all aspects of Community Education work.

ASSISTANT REGIONAL COMMUNITY EDUCATION OFFICER

£18,507 — £19,869 Ref. No. 317/89

Location: Tayside House, Dundee

As a member of the Services' Senior Management Team, you will be involved in examining staff development needs in the fields of group work, counselling and educational methods in order to support progress in field developments in youth work, community based adult education and neighbourhood decision-making. This senior post requires a high level of training skills and management expertise.

AREA COMMUNITY EDUCATION OFFICER

£16,791 — £18,093 Ref. No. 318/89

Location: Kirkton Community Centre, Dundee

As head of our unique and innovative R & D Unit you will be responsible for two teams, one of which focuses upon research work including evaluation procedures, whilst the other concentrates on public relations and media services. Both teams are involved in project development currently including portfolio part-time worker training, new technology, adult education guidance and rural work. Many requests are processed from the voluntary sector and community organisations.

Application forms together with job specifications and information sheets on Tayside and its Community Education Service are available from and returnable to the Director of Manpower Services, Tayside Regional Council, 93 Commercial Street, Dundee DD1 2AF — Telephone: (0382) 23281, Ext. 3881. The closing date for receipt of applications is 5.00pm on Friday, 1st September, 1989.

Generous assistance will be provided with removal and relocation expenses where appropriate and you will be able to participate in the Authority's Car Loan/Car Leasing Scheme.

Tayside as a Region reflects the very best of Scotland and provides the ideal environment in which to live and work. There is a choice of country, coast and city lifestyles where high standards of education, leisure facilities and housing endorse Tayside's own natural attraction.

TAYSIDE REGIONAL COUNCIL IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER.

The aim of the Council's Equal Opportunities policy is to ensure that no job applicant or employee receives less favourable treatment on the grounds of sex, marital status, race, colour, nationality, ethnic or national origin, religion or disability, or is disadvantaged by conditions or requirements which cannot be shown to be justifiable.

Tayside Regional Council

New Statesman & Society

Revised Classified Advertising Rates

Public/Private Sector £18.00 per col. cm.
Voluntary Sector £11.00 per col. cm.
Lineage ads £0.50 per word
Box No £2.50

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HEARTSEARCH/LINAGE BOOKING FORM

Special Offer

BOOK THREE — GET ONE FREE

If you book three consecutive ads you get an extra one absolutely free

You can now reach more than 250,000 readers every week with a small advertisement in *New Statesman & Society*.

If you need to promote meetings, seminars, Ronnie Barker's autobiography, property to let, or if you simply want to meet a soulmate through heartsearch then send us the completed coupon with your remittance

50p per word (minimum 20 words) incl. VAT.
Box Numbers £2.50 extra

Copy date: Friday. Prior to publication on the following Friday.

Please complete the coupon below and send with remittance or credit card number.

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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No. of weeks ..... Remittance £.....

Or charge my Access/Visa/Barclaycard No .....

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Please state classification .....

Post coupon to:
Classified Department,
New Statesman & Society,
Freepost, London, E2 8BR

SMH exists to improve the quality of life of homeless, single adults by providing accommodation and support services, and, where possible, encouraging their progress towards greater self-sufficiency.

We should like to appoint a

PROJECT WORKER

to be responsible for the general management of some low-support shared houses in West London for single men. The work will involve selecting residents, collecting and accounting for rents, liaising with statutory services and developing programmes and initiatives to encourage residents towards independence as well as ensuring the maintenance of the buildings.

Previous experience of working with homeless people is essential as is a willingness to take responsibility and work without close supervision.

Salary £11,600 (Pay award pending)

There will shortly be a vacancy in a hostel in Islington for a

HOSTEL WORKER

This hostel caters for both men and women and work will be interesting and varied. There are excellent prospects of promotion for the right person. The job would suit someone committed to working with the homeless and who is able to form supportive relationships and help residents maximise their potential. Previous experience is not necessary but more important is the ability to contribute to the work of the project. Salary c. £10,500 (pay award pending).

For application forms and job descriptions, please contact:
Dawn Howe, St Mungo Housing, 217 Harrow Road, London, W2 5XQ.
Telephone 01 286 1358.
Closing date 25th August 1989.

ST MUNGO HOUSING SMH

A BETTER LIFE FOR THE HOMELESS

ST MUNGO'S AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

WAR ON WANT

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST WORLD POVERTY

GENERAL SECRETARY

The General Secretary is the Chief Executive of War on Want, heading a corporate management team of department heads. His/her's is the final responsibility for all of War on Want's work in relief and development projects in Africa, Asia and Latin America, and campaigning for change and fundraising through our national membership base.

The successful applicant will be expected to have a solid grasp of international affairs, considerable organisational and administrative capacity, and a prodigious appetite for work. She/he will share War on Want's distinctive analysis of world poverty/

The salary is commensurate with such heavy responsibilities, the job satisfaction still more so.

If you are interested in applying, please write without delay for application form to:

Box 1, War on Want
Fenner Brockway House
37 - 39 Great Guildford Street
London SE1 OES

APPLICATION FORMS MUST BE RECEIVED BY FRIDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER 1989.

War on Want is striving to be an equal opportunity employer.

Classified Advertisements

Telephone 01-739 1645

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INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS

Community Resource Worker (f/t)
(Salary £13,059)

to promote the use of the IRR Library and materials, especially among black community groups in London, and to assist in maintaining IRR's collection of books, periodicals and audio-visual materials. Experience of black community organisation and of video work an advantage.

Press Cutting Assistant (p/t)
(Salary £6,345)

to assist in monitoring national and London press coverage of race and police-black community relations and in the production and distribution of IRR Police-Media Bulletin.

Posts are supported by the London Boroughs Grants Scheme and appointments would be initially to 31st March 1990. Further details from IRR, 2/6 Leeke Street, London WC1X 9HS (01-837-0041), to whom a full C/V, supporting statement and names of two referees should be sent by 1st September 1989.

INQUEST

an organisation concerned with coroners' courts and deaths in custody, needs a

Part-Time Worker

(17.5 hours)

for 6 months from October. Legal, counselling or campaigning experience an advantage.
Salary £12,343 p.a. pro rata.

For details contact INQUEST, Alexandra National House, 330, Seven Sisters Road, London N4 2P7. Telephone 01-802 7430.

Closing date 30th August 1989.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN
Department of Psychology

LECTURER

Applications are invited for a new post of Lecturer in Psychology. The post is open to candidates with active research interests in any area of psychology, but preference will be given to those working on applications of psychology. At present the Department has collaborative, grant aided research links with the Departments of Bio-Medical Physics and Bio-Engineering, Computing Science, Mathematical Sciences, Mental Health, and the National Hyperbaric Centre.

Informal enquiries may be made to the Head of Department, Professor Jan Deregowski DSc, FBPSS (tel 0224 272229). Salary within the range £10,458 - £20,469, with the appropriate placing.

Further particulars and application forms from the Personnel Office, The University, Regent Walk, Aberdeen AB9 1FX (tel 0224 273500) to whom applications (2 copies) should be returned by 1 September 1989 quoting reference number ES/003.

UP TO 42 DAYS LEAVE FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

Our working arrangements for Field Social Workers could give you up to forty-two days leave per year plus ten statutory/bank holidays. We have vacancies in District and Hospital based Social Work and in our special Hillsborough Social Work Team based in Anfield. You must possess the CQSW or CSS (with child care content) and have energy, commitment and an organised approach. Appointment will be at Level 2/3 (£10,080 to £13,497). If you have two years post qualifying service appointments will be at Level 3 (£11,475 to £13,497).

DISTRICT SOCIAL WORK

The Department is continuing with its secondment programme (for existing unqualified employees only). We therefore have some vacancies in care, intake and patch teams and expect to have a number of new vacancies due to normal turnover in 1989/90. All posts are open to Job-share and some part-time opportunities exist. The Department particularly needs to recruit Level 3 Social Workers (see above). The black community is under-represented in our workforce and applications from black social workers would be particularly welcome. An informal pack is available from Personnel.

HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORK

We have some specialist vacancies for those with an interest in geriatric and psychogeriatric work and expect to have a small number of more generalist vacancies within Hospital settings. An information pack is available from Personnel.

HILLSBOROUGH TEAM

In addition to the various regional responses which include a jointly staffed helpline and the recruitment of a Training Officer (crisis psychology), the City of Liverpool has set up a Care Team based in Anfield which aims to provide a focused and coherent social work service to those affected by the tragedy; the bereaved and the many survivors. This team is already operating but we need another 4.5 (full time equivalent) Social Workers to bring it up to full strength. The team already consists of two Senior Social Workers and 7.5 (f.t.e.) Social Workers plus a small administrative team.

You should have experience in bereavement counselling and a knowledge of mental health problems relating to both children and adults. Approved Social Worker status and experience of group work would be advantageous.

This team faces a challenging and demanding future and hopes to meet this challenge by incorporating your special skills and knowledge into an approach.

For Hillsborough posts only please ring Sarah Darcy or Gerry Flannagan on 051 263 5366 for informal discussion.

Closing date: Friday, 1st September, 1989.

For information packs and application forms for all posts ring the Personnel Section on 051 225 3770 or write to 26 Hatton Garden, Liverpool L3 2AW.

LIVERPOOL City Council

The City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer and welcomes applications for employment irrespective of the applicants race, sex, marital status, sexual orientation, religious beliefs, disability or employment status.

Agencies

OV SELECTION
have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey,
OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House,
15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT.
01-828 8345.

Classified advertising
Tel: 01-739-1645

H&C CARE

We need
SOCIAL WORKERS
Field & Residential

Call Julia or Dirk now on
01-379 5771

H&C CARE

DISABILITY RIGHTS WORKER with skills in ADVOCACY

for ARCH, a specialist welfare rights agency for people with disabilities.

The post involves ADVOCACY WORK - assisting individuals to state their needs and representing them in the process of getting their needs met - and general welfare rights advice on a drop in and phone in basis.

The person appointed will need good basic knowledge of social security benefits and local authority services; a thorough grasp of disability issues; ability to work with people from all sections of the community; negotiation and communication skills.

ARCH is part of Islington Disablement Association, and is based in fully accessible offices.

Salary £13,365 pa.

Details: IDA, 90 - 92 Upper St, London N1 ONP. Tel: 226 0137.

Closing date 1 September 1989.

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TEMPORARY RESEARCHER

CAMBODIA AND CHINA

£14,687

Amnesty International (AI) needs a human rights researcher to work on Cambodia and aspects of China and possibly other countries in Southeast Asia. This is a temporary contract from October 1989 to September 1990. Candidates must have a sound knowledge of China and other countries in the region, fluent English and good Mandarin Chinese. Because of the temporary nature of this post only people already entitled to work in the United Kingdom should apply.

Closing date September 15. Ref No RD-11. Interviewing week commencing October 16, 1989.

RESEARCHER

VIETNAM

£14,687

A permanent researcher is also needed to work on Vietnam and other countries in Southeast Asia. Candidates must have a good knowledge of Vietnam and the region. Fluent English is essential, French and Vietnamese desirable.

Closing date: October 13. Ref. No: RD-14.

Both researchers will document cases, prepare reports and advise on initiatives to be taken by AI, particularly in relation to prisoners of conscience, trial procedures, treatment of prisoners and executions. Candidates must have proven research skills, *sound political judgment, the ability to work impartially, to work in* a team and under pressure. Familiarity with the legal systems of the countries would be useful.

amnesty international

For further information and an application form please contact **Personnel Officer, Amnesty International, International Secretariat, 1 Easton Street, London WC1X 8DJ. Tel: 01-837 3805 (24-hr answerphone).** *Please quote appropriate reference.*

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

FACULTY OF MEDICINE

Administrative Assistant

required to assist the Post-graduate Dean of Medical Education. The appointee will be involved with planning and procedures for regional post-graduate strategy, co-ordination of pre-registration appointments, budgetary control and committee servicing. The post is based at Southampton General Hospital.

Candidates, who should be graduates, will require some administrative experience.

Salary on scale £9,816 to £11,381 or £12,879 to £16,665, according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars may be obtained from Mr D. A. S. Copland, Staffing Department, The University, Highfield, Southampton SO9 5NH, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent by September 1, 1989. Please quote reference number 408/DASC.

ASSISTANT CHIEF EXECUTIVE

(POLICY, RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT)

c.£25,000 **London base**

The Fullemploy Group of companies are at the forefront of economic development for minority ethnic communities in England and Wales, through activities ranging from Vocational Training to Equal Opportunity Consultancy.

Fullemploy Group Limited is the holding company and Group Headquarters. The appointee will join the senior executive team responsible for the effective management of the company, and hold departmental responsibility for the Policy, Research and Development Department.

This is a role for a high calibre individual with sound analytical and management skills, experienced in policy formulation, with the ability to influence people at senior levels within Government and industry. As important, however, is a positive understanding of and commitment to race equality and positive action, and a grasp of the impact that these issues will have on the development of social policy in the future.

For an information pack contact The Personnel Unit, Fullemploy Group Limited, 102 Park Village East, London NW1 3SP. Tel: 01-387 1222 ext. 232. Please quote reference 89/69. Closing date 28 August 1989; first interviews planned for early/mid September.

FULLEMPLOY GROUP

BARNET WOMEN'S AID

require a second worker for their Refuge in North London.

30 hours per week.

Salary from £10,500
for 36 hour week (under review)

Apply, with C.V. to Box (32) 450.

For job description, phone 01-445 1531 after 6 p.m..

Closing date 1st September

We are an equal opportunities employer.

Lectures

THE PORTMAN CLINIC

1989 EDWARD GLOVER LECTURE

Dr. J.A.C. MacKeith

Consultant Forensic Psychiatrist
Dennis Hill Unit Bethlem Royal Hospital

will lecture on

"WHY CONFESS"

Monday 30th October at 8.15 p.m. Peter Samuel Hall, Royal Free Hospital at School of Medicine, Rowland Hill Street, London, N.W.3.

Admission by ticket (£3) (cheques payable to Hampstead Health Authority) on application to: Mrs. P. Harrington, Administrative Secretary, The Portman Clinic, 8 Fitzjohns Avenue, London NW3 5NA, Tel: 01-794 8262.

Courses

FACULTY OF SOCIAL STUDIES – SURVEY RESEARCH UNIT

The Polytechnic offers two 15 week post-graduate specialist courses in

SURVEY METHODS FOR SOCIAL RESEARCHERS

The courses are practice orientated for research workers, administrators and graduate students, and are taught by senior current practitioners.

Courses 2027 Survey Analysis Workshop (Oct-Feb)
Hands on workshops using live data from major national surveys. On-line computer processing and statistical analysis of data from questionaire surveys with SPSSX. This course will next begin on: 3 October 1989.

Course 2028 Survey Research Practice (Feb-June)
Research design, sampling, qualilative research, questionaire design, interviewing, telephone and postal surveys, coding, altitude measurement, commissioning, costing, reporting, ethics. Fee £180. Reductions available for fee paying students. Tuesdays 6.15 - 9.00 pm starting 13 February 1990.

Details and application forms from: Director, Survey Research Unit, The Polytechnic of North London, Highbury Grove, London N5 2AD. 01-359 8470.

P·N·L

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

Green Business Venture

Green Outlets in Devon

Retail outlets, organic foods, workshops, etc. (Building complex already purchased).

Person interested in setting up Ecology Centre in city, with working capital and/or skills required.

Write or phone for details. The Administrator West Holwell, Holwell Farm, Collipriest, Tiverton, Devon EX16 4PT. Tel: 0884 25022.

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Conferences

COMMON VOICE CONFERENCE

The Practical Politics of the Common Agenda, and How Citizens Can Develop Them.

11 am - 5.30 pm, Friday 1st September, 1989

Speakers: David Marquand, Ben Pimlott, John Lloyd, David Purdy.

Afternoon interest groups on; Local Government, Constitutional Reform, Green Issues, Getting Citizens Active.

Enrolment £9 (waged), £5 (unwaged) includes lunch.

Registration: Nina Fishman, 61 Sotheby Rd, London N5 2UP. Tel 01-354 0823.

SUPERVISION, SELF-APPRAISAL and the PROFESSIONAL WORKER

to be held on December 1st, 1989 in Liverpool

A conference for headteachers, department heads, managers in social services, youth service and others in positions of responsibility

Further details
Course Secretary,
YMCA National College,
Centre for Professional Studies in Informal Education,
642A Forest Road, Walthamstow,
London, E17 3EF.

REALISM AND HUMAN SCIENCES
Manchester Polytechnic
8 - 11 September 1989

Including discussion by Roy Bhaskar, William Outhwaite, Ted Benton, Alex Callinicos and John Maclean.

For further details contact Colin Divall, 0663 45005.

Accommodation Wanted

FOUR PROFESSIONALS (late 20's, responsible, non-smoking) seek 4-bedroomed house to rent in North London, preferably N8, N10. Telephone 01 340 9010.

To Let

LANGUEDOC AUTUMN Tranquility. Writer? Available August 26th. All year. Long lets negotiable. Mountains. 'Rieu Grand', Cambon, 34330 La Salvetat. (01033) 6797 5057.

FOREST HILL, two large comfortable rooms with kitchen and shower in quiet family house £90 p.w. inclusive. Phone 01-690 2496.

Holiday/Travel

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Small group – escorted tours; low cost flights. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. or Telephone (01) 747-8315.

Counselling

ANALYTIC COUNSELLOR, therapist, offers help *with inner and contextual conflicts.* Fees according to means. People have replied to this advertisement who have found that they are depressed at this time of year, and I think it would be useful to form a group to examine and resolve this. Any one else with these feelings, wishing to join, do call. 01-372 5101 (Central London) anytime.

Services

CV ADVICE, preparation, word processing by Careers Counsellor / Recruitment Specialist. Also, Job Application Letters, Business Plans, Cash Flow Forecasts. 01-363 4180.

Therapy

UPSET? BRIEF FOCAL THERAPHY helps you take control of your life, decide what to do next - and do it! Experienced qualified woman counsellor. Telephone (01) 855 5001.

Booksellers

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242 5822.

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. List wants. 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London, SW13 9LR.

Personal

POET: prolific, polemic, unique, undiscovered, spurned by the Feeble & Windless set, seeks enterprising, serious publisher. Write: de Lancey, 16 Granville St., Loughborough, Leics. LE11 3BN.

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

MID THIRTIES MALE, green outlook on life, seeks female aged 28 - 40 for relationship - long term maybe. Based in the West Midlands. Please write to Box (33) 702.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, firm lasting relationships including marriage. All ages/areas, free details: Dept 828, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Telephone: (01) 938 1011.

SEEKING INTUITIVE, EMPATHIC young woman (23 - 35) open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, *exciting close friendship and sexual relationship* (maybe more?) with John (very young 40s), London. Photo please. Write Box (30) 611.

MALE, VERY YOUNG 50'S – bilingual French/ English - professional, non political, humanist, non smoker, chief interests theatre, language, literature, music, some sport, needs to meet female, intelligent, slim, unattached, with sense of humour - East Midlands / Cambs - any age under about 50. Write Box (30) 618.

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON

The thinking person's introduction agency

'...sensitive staff and constant member support, with long-term relationships and even marriages as regular outcomes'. ***Guardian 28.6.89.***

For a friendly consultation ring
01-937 8880/ 01-938 2151

TALL, SLIM MAN, 43, living North London, enjoys swimming, Jazz, France, photography, cinema, running, senses of humour. Seeks Socialist woman in her thirties who wishes to share some or all of these interests and her own in friendship or possibly, in time, in a closer relationship. Preferably non-smoker, please. Please write to Box (32) 648.

ATTRACTIVE SINGLE MAN quiet, intelligent, deep wishes to meet socially and politically aware women. Is politically left of centre, active in CAMRA, AMENSTY INTERNATIONAL: A loner, 55. Enjoys mainstream classical music, gardening. Gloucestershire / Worcestershire. Please write to Box (33) 700.

QUIET, FRIENDLY WOMAN seeks congenial male, mature age group. Box (33) 701.

NEIL BRADY: *I still think you're a wee gem!*

WOMAN 39, seeks her soul mate (male) to share talking, music, friends, hill walking, seeing other lands and lifes adventures. Preferably Wales/West. Please write to Box (33) 650.

SCIENCE WRITER, presentable, modestly solvent, no ties, soft left, seeks 55- plus London lady for restful relationship. Gladly exchange photos. Reply to Box (33) 651.

CHESHIRE / NW. Handsome, witty, athletic, creative, slim, happy (but frustrated!) male graduate, 33, too lazy to join clubs etc., craves woman. Write to Box (33) 652.likely, Photograph appreciated. Please write to Box (33) 653.

ARE YOU A LADY in her early 40's, humorous, independent and happy with yourself? Are you interested in the countryside, Mozart, gardening, travel? I am a stable, cheerful, divorced, *professional man,* presently in Kent, Lincoln likely, photograph appreciated. Box (33) 654.

KENT MALE, 38, separated, childless, greenish, leftish outlook,. Currently only free alternate weekends, seeks younger woman genuinely interested in permanent relationship with perhaps children. I like Arts, cats, gardening and talking. Long letter appreciated and exchanged. Please write to Box (33) 655.

WARM AFFECTIONATE MAN (young 44) Part time lecturer seeks active, caring, interesting educated younger woman. Interests include walking, cycling, tennis, travel (W. Yorks) Photograph if possible. Write Box (33) 655.

IS THERE LIFE BEFORE DEATH? Manchester career woman (44) intelligent, imaginative seeks interesting unchauvinistic, unattached and emotionally alive partner to further research. Please write to Box no. (33) 656.

MEN AND WOMEN, 45 plus, attractive and intelligent are invited to another successful London Party on September 2nd and 20th. Please reply to Box no (33) 657.

CARING MAN, 38, Sense of humour - seeks female for friendship, fun or maybe more? Interests include music, walking, personal growth, pubs, eating out. London area. Please write to Box no (33) 658.

SINGLE FEMALE, 33, English 5'8". Resident L.A. U.S.A. Seeks correspondence with male view meeting December. Please reply to Box (33) 659.

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Registered as a newspaper.
Typesetting by ECM, 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Colour origination by Graphic Ideas, 135-139 Curtain Road, London EC2. Printed by BPCC Colchester Web Offset Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester C03 3LJ (Tel: 577881). Distribution by NS Distribution, 102 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3AA 01-739-4807. Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc.
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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3090 Set by E O Parrott
It was common in the 17th century for new happy endings to be tacked on to Shakespeare's plays. Can we have NHEs for *The Caretaker, Look Back in Anger, Waiting for Godot* or some other modern play. 200 words max and entries to be in by 31 August.

No 3087 Set by Tiny Tim
Excerpts from 2009 sit-coms set in the new moonbase.

Report by Grace Elegy
Unlike most of my fellows, I positively dislike the heat and went north this summer thereby managing to avoid a good deal of it. A few sultry days after my return and the cold weather is with us again. Possibly some work will now get done. As for the the comp, I was surprised by the low-key tone (apathetic?) of most of the entries; your hearts just weren't in it this week. So I have only awarded three prizes: ten pounds each and an extra five to R J Pickles.

Moon Bubble 3: Enter Terry through inner airlock in spacesuit carrying 3 plastic flowers. As door closes flower heads get trapped in airlock.
(FX: Howls of hysterical laughter)
Terry: Hello darling! I'm home.
June: Coo-eee! There's an error light on airdoor 2. (Terry struggles to free flowers)
(FX: Chuckle type 4)
June: (enters Master Bubble) What on moon are you doing, Terry?
Terry: Oh, er, nothing. These are for you. (Terry yanks flowers through door leaving only bent wire stalks)
(FX: Hysterical giggles + guffaws 2)
June: Oh, they're a bit limp, aren't they? ((Terry looks down at space suit trousers, then a meaningful look at camera)
(FX: Chortles and guffaws)
June: You shouldn't have!
Terry: I very nearly didn't!
(FX: Screaming laughter)
June: Well, get that spacesuit off and help me prepare dinner. Mother's on her way.
Terry: What? I thought she missed the shuttle?
June: She didn't. She's already at the spacestation now.
Terry: Well, actually, darling, errr...
June: Well, what?
Terry: I've arranged a round of golf with R2D1P.
June: Cancel it!
Terry: Er, difficult darling. Already programmed I'm afraid.
June: You and those robots!
(FX: Airlock entry lights on. Mother bangs on door)

David Oliver

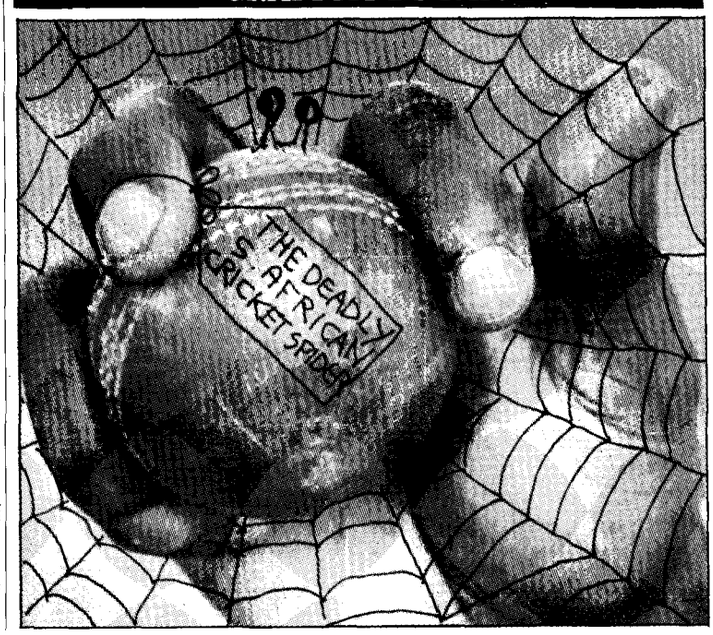
Scene: The Rocket's Return
Buzz Lynch: Hello, cock, how were shuttle?
Alf Armstrong: Shuttle? By the 'eck, I reckon flamin' Arkwright's shuttle were more cosy. I don't know what universe is coming to
Percy Collins: If I might say, with all due respect, it'll all blow up in these young folks' faces, and serve them right.
Buzz: Oh come off it, Perce. There's some of us'd fancy a Big Bang.
Alf; 'Appen so. But there's some just larkin' round craters in their buggies. We're here in Coronation Base to do proper research.
Buzz: What d'you mean? They don't appreciate the gravity of the situation, or summat? There's some as bored as Pavlov's cat.
Alf: Aye, maybe you're right there. We need more missions.
Percy: What, to Saturn and the like? You want your helmet examining.
Buzz; Percy, love, there's some of us would like to wear an Asteroid Belt, let alone look at it. If we're stuck in this greenhouse, we'll likely end up cabbages. Pint, Alf?
Alf: Aye.
Buzz: There y'are. That's one small sup for man, eh flower?

Will Bellenger

Space Shuttle Terminal.
Scene: Plastic House: Kitchen.
Time: 8am Monday.
Tracy, fortyish, pops two pills from "Bacon 'n' Eggs" packet into frying pan. Wayne, husband, Shuttle Terminal Director, pours milk over pill from Cornflakes packet
Wayne: (reading packet). For five packet tops and £2,000 we can get a set of Lord Alistair Burnett Kneeling Pads.
Tracy: Really?
Wayne: No. Really it offers a free video of King Charles' divorce. (Jason, teenage son enters)
Tracy: Where've you been? Your cornflakes are getting soggy.
Jason: Oh Mum, that's the free condom. I wish you'd get some glasses. (Condom drips over Wayne's dish)
Tracy: At £500 a pair and the Quarterly Air Bill due soon?
Wayne: (pushing dish away) Have you been out?
Jason: Just looking for Rover, it's been seven weeks now.
Wayne: It's your own fault. He'll be searching for a tree. (The computer buzzes)
Jason: (peers at screen) Yippee! I've got a YTS in Neuro-surgery.
Wayne: Thatcher help us.
Jason: It's OK dad, it's in a National Health hospital. Can I borrow the moon buggy tonight?
Tracy: Don't bother your father now. The shuttle drivers have threatened a Go-Slow.

R J Pickles

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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WEEKEND CROSSWORD

Crossword 1622

PRIZES: £5 book tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1622, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 29 August.

ACROSS

1. Guiding light of the pale sort (8)
5. Submitted when you are in the couch of love (6)
9. And the rest show that Crete is split up among separatists (8)
10. Mountain in Scotland which is near a rather famous loch (6)
11. One of these areas makes a woman firm (9)
13. Objects of admiration provided when a city follows a single party (5)
14. Dream about being in one place or another (11)
17. Tumult cures bandit disorder (11)
20. Such a message given to a foreign friend would be friendly (5)
21. The bird mixes a lot with brass (9)
23. Farmer poet (6)
24. Flower presented when an old champion is about to retire (8)
25. Lots of men selected for preliminary sketches (6)
26. Lack of industry ends with lies being spread about (8)

DOWN

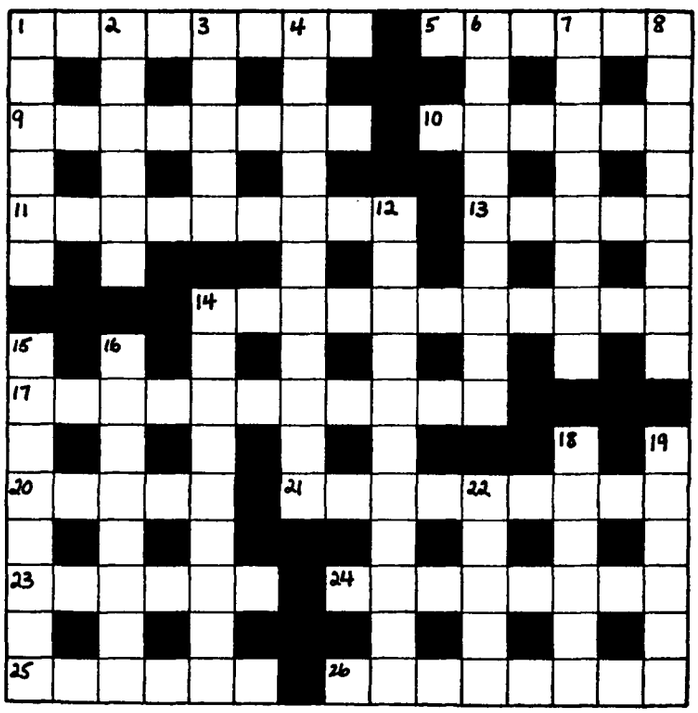
1. Prays for stars when the centre is missing (6)
2. If the insect lost its tail it would still keep its place (6)
3. I would be needed to turn snob into wooer (5)
4. Vulgar person appearing in female garments casts a spell (11)
6. Low fellow enters playwright for the defence (9)
7. Where young men are about to prepare for battle (8)
8. Gets off although starting to be involved in trade (8)
12. Some time spent on the committee provides a means of launching new initiatives (11)
14. Entertainment is mainly to employ people after the morning is over (9)
15. Acted badly after due revision although trained (8)
16. Is a man the reverse of everything for a woman? (8)
18. Player who is not even left inside a man (6)
19. A gentleman in love lives as a god (6)
22. Subject of autobiography (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1620

Prizewinners to 1620

Lucy Forsyth
Hampton-on-the-Hill, Warwick
Glyn Haggett
Aylesbury, Bucks
Mrs S Foot
Exeter, Devon



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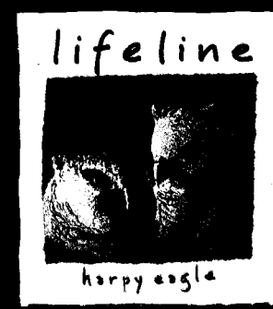

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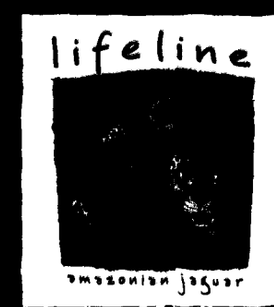

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